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VIII.

German Drinking—A Great Deal About Beer and Beer Drinking, with Many Moral Reflections Thrown In.

Germany is more devoted to drinking liquid fluids than any country in the world, and is, at the same time, the most sober. From North to South, from East to West the country is a lake of beer, and it flows like water everywhere. Sunday and week-days, night and day. Beer is the most important thing in Germany.

The origin of the liquid is lost in the dim past. There are legends about it by the dozen, and probably all of them have some truth in them, and a great deal that is not truth.

However Gambrinus, Grand Duke of something, always has had the credit of inventing, or at least introducing it to a thirsty world.

One legend is to the effect that for several years the grape crop was a failure, and wine became very dear in his dominions. In those days, as now, every failure of crops produced discontent with the powers that be. Even in enlightened America, where people are supposed to have sense, the failure of a potato crop has unseated many a member of Congress, for the simple reason, that when people get angry, no matter what the cause, they want some change in government, just as though any party in power could keep off frosts or prevent the potato rot. When a man says, "Well, things ain't going just right," he very generally votes the other way, no matter what the cause of the trouble.

THE DISCOVERY OF BEER.

Duke Gambrinus's people howled about the failure of the grape crop till a revolution was imminent. They wanted wine at the old prices and charged the rise to the Duke instead of to the bad weather that kept the grapes from ripening.

The Duke was an astute old gentleman, and he did not propose to have any rebellion or trouble. He wanted to keep his place and have everything pleasant and serene. So he figured the matter up and found that the barley crop was always certain, and he called together all the scientists in his Dukedom, and remarked that his present necessity was a beverage cheaper than wine and which would satisfy the people, and that they had better find it if they wanted to continue their heads on their shoulders, and be very quick about it, too. "What is learning for anyhow," he remarked, "if it can't be used when it is wanted?"

In attempting to satisfy the people, and do everything right and pleasant, the Grand Duke showed great wisdom. He could, of course, have permitted them to mob and set his soldiers on them and put them down, but that would have killed thousands of them, and he would have had just the number killed less to tax, at a big nothing of the cost of ammunition expended.

The result was beer, and the people took kindly to it, and as it could be made cheaper than wine they accepted it as a national beverage, and were content. They deified Gambrinus, after a fashion. His portly figure, holding aloft a foaming mug of beer, is on almost every other house in Germany, and everybody reveres his memory. So he not only saved his head but he went down to posterity, though it is hard to be supposed that he cares anything about that now. He probably is where his beer would taste mighty well, and the fact that he can't get a drop of it must be a source of constant annoyance to him.

There is no historical record of any such Duke, but, nevertheless, it is proper to believe in him. He didn't know when he was introducing his new beverage that thousands of years after he had returned to dust, and all record of him had been destroyed, his invention would decide the election of Mayors and Common Councilmen in a country not then discovered, and millions of the inhabitants of which drank nothing but water, and never knew the delights of going home after midnight by the cross ways. No man knows how far into the future his hand may reach. Gambrinus, thousands of years ago, laid the foundation for great political struggles in America.

Another legend runs that a young physician loved Gambrinus's daughter, but was very poor and having no practice to speak of, was contemptuously rejected by the Duke. But when the populace besieged his palace and demanded Wine or Blood, the young man's time came. He served Gambrinus a new liquor he had invented, and demanded the daughter's hand as the price of the invention, which, as the old man was hard pressed, he promised. Whereupon the young man had some scores of hogsheads of Beer brought to the door of the palace and put on tap, and the people were satisfied and the Duke was saved.

THE DEVIL HAS HIS SHOW.

There is still another legend which is held more favor in America. It runs in the other two up to a certain point. The grape crop had failed for a succession of years, and the people murmured at the high price of wine and assailed the palace. When the Duke was at the very depths of despair the devil appeared to him and showed him the way of acquiring, as is the regular thing, Gambrinus's soul at the expiration of a term of years. Gambrinus consented, and His Satanic Majesty immediately set to brewing, of which the people drank their fill without money and without price. Gambrinus, by the aid of a Bishop, cajoled the Devil at the end, which is also the legend.

That this legend will be accepted by the abstinence people there is no doubt, but they will say that the Devil, by his bargain, got a mortgage, not only on Gambrinus, but upon the whole German people and a fair slice of the American people.

The trouble with all legends, German or otherwise, is they require a very large faith. The story of the physician will do, for how could a starving physician without money or credit have hogsheads of beer ready at the precise time wanted? And then as it has to lie several months, before it is fit to use, the assembled populace would have tumbled the Duke's cradle about his ears and had his head on a pike on one of the ruined towers long before it would have been ready for them. Besides it takes capital to brew beer, which a physician had not. The legend of the devil is somewhat improbable, because he has cheap and vast other brewing facilities, like supernatural power to get hops. He could at short notice, but here comes in another fatal objection. The devil is known in more than a million of German homes, not by deputy but in person, so that, indeed, that it is impossible that all of them should be true. There are not enough. Very like the noted liar of the Sazrac club in Nevada, who told of having so many places in the course of a life that one man with a sharp nose, mathematically inclined, kept track of his whereabouts and cruelly figured up the time necessary, and found that he must be something over 300 years old.

It won't do to look gift legends in the mouth. Closely examined none of them will hold water.

It is true, however, that somebody invented beer and that it has held its place for centuries in Germany, and is to-day a stronger potentate and power than ever.

UNIVERSAL BEVERAGE.

Everybody in Germany, men, women and children, drink something beside water. That is the one liquid that is seldom if ever drank. So rare is it to see any one drink water, that Mr. Tibbitts observing a boy drink a trifle of water from a pump, waited 10 minutes to see whether he would drop dead or not. The boy lived. It was probably the first time in his life he had ever tasted the fluid, and he did not take enough to really destroy his astonished stomach. Beer and wine are the two beverages that are in universal use. Coffee is drank for breakfast; after that beer and wine occupy the field to the exclusion of everything else. The workingman drinks it as an American does water, all the time. The business man commences at about 11 in the morning, preparatory to his mid-day lunch, at which he drinks wine. Then he begins on beer again at about four, sitting till six. Dinner or supper at half-past six with wine, and from thence till bed-time, beer.

The amount consumed *per capita* is something enormous. The regular glass holds a half-liter, which is something less than a quart, and a healthy citizen manages from three to four of them at a sitting. If he is really thirsty, and actually needs to moisten his clay thoroughly, more goes the way of all beer. But three to four half-liters between eight and eleven in the evening is about what is considered necessary for the pleasure of the thing.

In Nuremberg, in a bier-halle, were three young men who drank, as is the custom where men are friends, out of one mug, or, rather, a jug, that held two-and-a-half liters. They commenced at about eight and finished their pleasant sitting at eleven, when all the beer was gone. They had emptied that enormous vessel exactly 15 times, and they walked away as comfortable as you please. Where they stowed the liquid is a mystery. They were not in any sense intoxicated. The only effect it had had upon them was they were tolerably jolly, somewhat communicative. They left as the beer was all exhausted in the house they had been in all the evening, and went away to find a fresh supply. They had not enough of it to sleep upon. They wanted beer.

It may as well be stated here, that in Germany every glass is marked with the measure it holds. There are no Coney Island glasses with two inches of glass bottom, two inches of foam and one inch of beer—you get a liter, a half-liter, or two liters and a half—just what you pay for. The measure of the glass is put upon it in plain figures always. This is to prevent swindling on the part of the publican, and then the man who sits down for an evening wants to know exactly how many gallons he drinks. A two gallon man don't want to have any doubt as to the quantity he has consumed. If experience has taught him that two gallons is enough why he *knows* when he has got two gallons. They are very systematic in Germany, about everything.

THE BEER-HALL CUSTOMS.

A beer house in a small City, in the evening where the City is small enough that the frequenters know each other, makes an interesting study. The house is always upon three sides of a court, the open space inside being filled with trees, under which are tables and chairs, for good weather. The main rooms will hold perhaps 150 people and are divided, not by any arbitrary law, but by custom, into classes. At one long table you will find every afternoon 20 or more citizens who have occupied those self-same places since they were boys. These are business men who have an affinity for each other. At another you see a body of men who are beyond question bankers, or at least men of money; another is occupied by officers, and others by private soldiers. A stranger may sit down at either of these tables, but he sees at once that he is an intruder and manages to get away as soon as possible, much to his relief and that of the regulars.

The business of the evening commences at these places at about seven, that is, the sitting. All the day there has been a constant flow of people, and a corresponding flow of beer, but the regular session begins at about seven. The tables are all full, each man with a great mug of beer before him and a cigar or pipe. Smoking is as universal as beer, tobacco and beer being twin brothers the world over. At first the lights shine brightly and distinctly, and the groups at the various tables have an individuality about them. As the clouds of smoke rise and thicken, by degrees and imperceptibly the light becomes subdued, and the room is in a sort of bluish haze, which deepens and deepens into a blue black, and keeps on deepening as the evening advances. At 10 departures become common, and the cloud becomes less and less dense, and by 11 the hall is tolerably clear again.

Through this cloud appears the figures of comers and goers, and the substantial apparition of the brisk waiter girls, each bearing her burden of full or empty glasses, darting hither and thither, making just the effects in light and shade that Rembrandt loved to paint for the sake of color effects. After 10, one by one the the regulars drop out, according to the discipline they are under at home, or their capacity for beer. Late comers drop in singly or in groups, and at about 1 in the morning the business of the night is over, the score of waiter girls get them to their beds at the top of the house, and darkness reigns.

A German beer-hall is curious in many respects. The amount of beer consumed is wonderful, and the quiet and good order attending its consumption is still more wonderful. There is never any disturbance, no loud, boisterous talking, but everything goes on as decorously as a meeting of bank directors.

PRETTY WAITER GIRLS.

The price of beer in Southern Germany is very low, a half-liter, more than two of the ordinary American mugs, costing a trifle less than three cents. The waiter girl gets no pay from the proprietor, she only has a very bad bed to sleep in, and two very cheap, though plentiful, meals each day. She expects from each visitor "trink-geld," which may be a cent or two. If she accumulates 25 cents a day she considers herself very well off, indeed.

She has her little troubles, in common with all mankind. She has a little leather bag strapped about her waist, and in the morning there is counted out to her a certain amount of small money with which she makes change. You order beer or any eatable and she has to pay the cashwoman, a very severe old dame, when she takes it out, and must look, herself, to the getting of the pay from the consumer. The house loses nothing. The customer pays the girl whatever the price of the refreshment may be, and in addition gives her "trink geli," the amount depending entirely upon his liberality. If you consume a single glass of beer, the price of which is 12 or 15 pfennig (divide German money by four to get it into American cents or dollars) the girl is satisfied with two or three pfennig, though five is not uncommon. If your consumption is heavier more is expected. What the girl has in her bag at 1 in the morning, less what was advanced her, is the sum total of her day's wages. Sometimes a dishonest fellow slips out without paying her, and then her heart is broken.

As the amount received from customers determines her income, she is very polite and very accommodating to the visitors to the place, for every one seeks, very naturally, to have as many come to her tables as possible, the hall being divided into sections, and each one having always her own tables to attend to. They chaff very freely with young men and old, do these "mädchens," but it is only up to a certain point. They all woar wooden shoes in the country, once, and were very willing to get out of wood and into kid, but they are very wise in their generation, and know their business thoroly. Their time is under the control of the head-woman of the place, who is generally either the wife or mother of the proprietor, and a severe and correct old lady she always is, who keeps a very sharp lookout for the effervescing young ladies under her charge. They are not permitted to go out of the house except at stated times, and even then two must go together.

As a matter of course, as selling of beer is the life of the house, the manager and his female factotum permit anything that is fairly decent, that promotes the flow of beer. The waiter girls are generally pretty, which attracts custom from young men and old, for no man cares to be served by an ugly girl when his beer from the hands of a pretty one costs no more. And they are permitted some freedoms that would be out of place anywhere but in beer halls. There is a great deal of chin-chucking, and much hand-pressing, to which the girls submit with only that mild protest which is an invitation to offer more of it.

TIBBITTS'S FLIRTATION.

Mr. Tibbitts, that susceptible and impressible young man, felt that he had really made an impression upon an exceedingly beautiful girl in a beer hall in Nuremberg. She was tall and slender with a perfect figure, great liquid eyes, and a wealth of brown hair, and perfect hand and arm. She looked at him tenderly out of her great liquid eyes. She endured his frequent toyings with her wonderfully white and shapely hand with an expression of subdued rapture, and she took the remarkably large "trink-geld" he gave her with an expression of countenance that said he was the only man on earth, and that should he die, or transfer his attentions to any other young lady, she would immediately pine away. Mr. Tibbitts had got to the stage of remarking to the others of the party that if that girl were only educated in English, and taken out of these surroundings, etc., etc., all of which went to show that he was really hit, and badly.

Mr. Tibbitts liked her ways very much. She would lean upon his shoulder while he was perusing the bill of fare to determine what he should order for lunch; and her beautiful face got quite close to his while she was listening to his questions in very bad German and determining what answer she should make to something she could not understand a word of. It always took him a long time to go over that bill of fare, when the fact was that, owing to his ignorance of German cookery and German writing, he never ordered but just one dish, which was "*schinken unt eier*," or, in English, plain ham and eggs. But it was pleasant to have the girl leaning upon his shoulder while he was apparently studying the list of eatables, and he prolonged it as long as possible.

One day he happened to turn suddenly and observed her leaning over a handsome Lieutenant at the table opposite, and shedding the liquid light of her great eyes upon him. And he noticed moreover that the officer had her hand in his, and that the same comedy was going on at that table that had been played at his own for three days. She observed the dissatisfied expression upon the young man's countenance, and looked at him in a way that said as plainly as though she had spoken the words: "I have to do this my dear, but it is not sincere with him—you, alone." And then, after getting her fee from the Lieutenant she flew back to Tibbitts, who ordered more beer, for the pleasure of holding her hand, and the Lieutenant observing it she threw the same look at him, with a melancholy shake of the head, as though to toy with anybody but him was shocking to her. But what could she do? We had to take Mr. Tibbitts back to the place several times to surprise her with her soft hand in the hands of somebody all the time. Now a young soldier, now an officer, now a gray-headed citizen, and without fail in that of every American that comes into the place. They get the preference, for they shed money more freely than any other people who come upon the continent. He was finally cured but he talks much of the insincerity of women "I wasted at least $3 on the flirt," he said mournfully.

Mr. Tibbitts is not alone in his experience. Young ladies outside of beer halls are doing the same thing all the time, in other ways it is true, but the object, the means and the end hoped for is all the same. It is "trink-geld" in one form or another.

However, the girls in German beer halls keep themselves in good condition and are a very decent lot. Their pay is very light, and it is not to be wondered that they use all these little artifices to swell their slender incomes.

It is astonishing how alike everything is the world over. In these beer halls the waiter-girls who have plump, shapely arms wear short sleeves, while those whose arms are very thin and not at all shapely wear long sleeves, holding that short sleeves are immodest. This conversation probably occurs between girls of the two types, the plump and the scraggy:

"You are entirely right, Bertha darling, short sleeves may be immodest. On such arms as yours, my love, they would be positively indecent."

And then they wouldn't kiss each other, and move off as on a campaign against incoming thirst. But Pauline, the plump, would laugh a saucy laugh, and Bertha, the skinny, would assume a very sour look.

Likewise those who are too plain to attract the attention of customers are very severe upon flirting, and have no hesitation in asserting that the pretty ones are bold, pert things. It makes but little difference in what country people are born—they are all sons and daughters of Adam and Eve, and Adam and Eve runs through them all.

The beer-gardens are mostly owned by the breweries, the manager receiving a fixed price per liter for all he sells. The trade in eatables is his, but the beer he disposes of belongs to the brewery. The halls are as a rule fitted up very plainly, the chairs being of wood, and the tables of the common sort, though always very strong.

QUALITY OF BEER.

As to the quality of the beer, it is a mistake to suppose that it is any better than the American product. Perhaps there are cities where it is better, but in this section good judges, (we consulted several Americans who were beer-drinkers), say that it is in no sense superior. All the great brewers manufacture beer especially for the American market, which is much finer than that served to their own people. The German people will not pay the price the American public submits to.

There are light beers, light in color and in strength, but the German prefers a very heavy, sweetish beer, very dark and very strong. And he wants no foam on it, he wants and will have solid beer. It is a saying among them, "foam is not beer," and he indignantly sends his mug back if the foam is too thick.

They will have it heavy and, when they can get it, of nothing but malt and hops, and those ingredients in liberal quantities. In the olden times the test of beer was very simple. They poured a glass of it on a wooden bench, and compelled the brewer to sit down upon it in his leathern breeches. If, after it had dried, and he rose, he took the bench with him, it was pronounced good; if not, not. That test would not do to-day, for the German brewer, like his American brother, has discovered the cheapness of glucose, and drugs, and notwithstanding the Government restrictions and supervision, he manages to make much cheap and very bad beer.

Strong as it is it does not intoxicate the German, nor even the American who drinks it. There is very little drunkenness in the Pfalz. Indeed, I have not yet seen a drunken man. Wine and beer are the only stimulants taken, the use of spiritous liquids being entirely unknown. A man after much beer over-night, may take a thimbleful of brandy in the morning, but that is all. He never drinks it during the day and they cannot understand the American custom of standing at bars and gulping down half-tumblers of fiery spirits. Were a man to do that here he would be considered a beast.

The German does not drink for the purposes of intoxication, or scarcely exhilaration. He drinks a beer or wine as a matter of daily or hourly necessity, the same as other people drink water. There isn't a standing bar in all Germany. The German doesn't push up to a bar and swallow a dose of poison and rush out as though his life depended upon the next three minutes. Neither does he push into a bar and swallow a glass of beer at one gulp, and, nipping a cracker, dart out. He never drinks standing. Rather than to stand up and drink I believe he would go without his beer. He sits calmly and quietly down at a table, he lights his pipe or cigar, and drinks his beer by sips, slowly and without haste or effort. A glass of beer lasts him a good half hour, and while drinking it, if alone, with no one to converse with, he has plenty of time to devise ways and means of crushing the French, paying off the National debt, or doing anything else that is done the world over in drinking places only. Possibly the beer-drinking German is not so much of a statesman as the American frequenter of bar-rooms. If so his mind while moistening his clay is absorbed in his own affairs. Anyhow he thinks while he drinks, so his time is not entirely wasted.

On the whole were I to drink at all, I should choose the German method. If there is death in the bowl it is a slower and more pleasant death. It is a 90-day draft, instead of one at sight, as it were.

Doubtless the climate has something to do with the capacity for the consumption of beer, for it is a certainty that to consume half the quantity in America that the German consumes would bring a man to his grave in short meter. It has no perceptible effect upon them. A strong, vigorous beer-drinker, may have more color in his face than is precisely desirable, and his figure may assume a rotundity that is not exactly elegant, but they are never drunk, and except in these particulars, never show the effects of it.

DRINKING CUSTOMS.

Their drinking customs are complicated. You salute every man at the table you sit down at, whether you know him or not, and if you are in a party of friends every one must touch glasses with every one else, with the salutation "Prosit!" which is "God help you!" whenever you put the glass to your lips. Mr. Tibbitts objected to thir everlasting touching of glasses on the score that it was a great waste of time. On rising from the table you must salute every remaining sitter with "adieu," which also includes the girl who has waited upon you, the woman who draws the beer, and the proprietor, who is doing the heavy standing around.

They are very jolly over their beer in a quiet and rather heavy way, but never especially noisy. Rowdyism is something entirely unknown, as women and children come to the public beer-halls the same as men. A New York ruffian would find himself in the lock-up in an instant. He would be regarded here as a sort of wild beast, and the estimate put upon him would be very correct.

When I say everybody drinks beer, I mean everybody. Young girls, old women, babies in arms, all drink it. A mother in arms brings her child into the beer-garden and takes it from the breast to put to its lips the heavy beer she is drinking, and the little infant pulls at it with a fervor that proves its liking. They have a curious habit of drinking out of one glass. At a table where a family is sitting, two little girls will have a glass between them, at which they take alternate pulls, and very friendly people drink from the same glass. It is one of the most touching sights in nature to see a young fellow with his sweetheart at a table under a tree. They invariably drink out of one glass, and the tender solicitude with which he insists that she shall drink and the sweetness with which she pushes it back to him that he may have his full share, is very pretty indeed. However, none of it is ever left in the glass, except in rare instances.

LOVE AND BEER.

I saw two lovers in a beer-garden. The swain touched his lips to his glass and handed it to his love. She, with true womanly delicacy and generosity, merely touched her lips and handed it back to him.

"Drink, darling!" said he.

"Drink, my heart's desire!" said she.

He would not for fear she would not have enough, and she would not for fear he would not have enough.

And so in lover-like determination each to make a sacrifice for the other, the beer got stale and the full glass was undrinkable.

With some pettishness he ordered another, and, determined to waste no more beer, she dropped her lip upon the rim of the glass, and without taking breath two-thirds of it went its way. He looked at the one-third remaining, his brow clouded, and he drank what little remained in silence. But a coolness ensued, and they walked home without speaking to each other, and parted at the front gate in moody silence. A rupture was the consequence, which ended in his marrying another girl, and she, to revenge herself, took up with a widower whom she had refused a dozen times.

Had she, in the first instance, quietly swallowed a pint or so, and he followed with another pint till the mass was exhausted, all in good decency and without being over-solicitous each for the other, things would have been different. As it was four lives were made unhappy. Mr Tibbitts said the moral to this is, always take a square, fair drink when it is offered you, without being a pig. And he further remarked that there would never be any danger of his offending his girl, or anybody else's girl, by not taking his share.

There is no treating, every one pays for his own. Sometimes they humor an American by permitting him to pay, but they do not like it. Every one pays for just what he orders, and consequently no one drinks more than he wants.

The regular frequenter of a particular place has his own mug, in which he takes great delight. Frequently it is very costly, some of them being inlaid with silver, with solid silver hinged covers, of elaborate design and wonderfully artistic execution.

DRINKING POETRY.

The walls of all the beer-halls are covered with inscriptions, generally in rhyme, celebrating the three things a German delights in, wine, beer and tobacco. The following is a rather free translation:—

"The foaming, sparkling glass of beer,
The clouds of smoke that upwards rise,
Is stronger far than any tear,
That ever dropped from woman's eyes."

By which it is understood that no woman living can get a man away from a beer-shop. This is, lamentably, as true in America as in Germany. However, the Germans make up for a part of this by taking their wives with them to the bier-halles, where they get their full share of the beer, and, second-hand, all the smoke they want. Another reads,

"Who does not go away never gets home."

Which is very true. They don't go away until they are compelled to. And this:

In this dreary world of ours,
Drink alone can pleasure bring,
From the cradle to the grave,
Drinking is the only thing."

And this universal advice:

"First do your work full well,
And then your schoppen quaff,
Your purpose first achieve,
And then the drink and laugh."

They never neglect business for drink, but drink must follow business. This is a faithful German saying:

"Morning, noon and night, drink your beer or be despised."

This is supposed to comprise the whole duty of man:

"The beer shall clear and bright be,
The mass shall not too small be,
The guest shall still and quiet be,
The landlord never alone be."

The German's idea of things divine is contained in this couplet:

"Four things we have on earth divine,
Hops, malt, tobacco and good wine."

And the idea of moral elevation is in this:

"He brings enjoyment to the highest point who drinks the most beer,"

This is a tolerable admonition which is posted over the door:

"Bring only courage and your manly pride,
Leave care and trouble all outside."

One inscription can scarcely be turned into English. Literally it is: "Hate thee the fates is my advice, drink early what thou drinkest late," which rendered into English would be if you propose to drink a dozen schuppen sometime in the course of the evening drink them at once, for fear you may die before you accomplish them all and thus lose your enjoyment. Some American writer embodied the same idea when he said, "The drink you don't drink you never can drink." Mr. Tibbitts, when this sentence was translated for him, immediately ordered four glasses. He said he never felt the danger there was in delay so much as just then. He didn't propose that apoplexy should rob him of his pleasures. This is rather mixed in form, but the point is evident:

"Drinking came first, and, later, eating,
Therefore don't forget the drink."

Over the door at the rear of the hall, is this:

"May it do you all good."

These four lines are intended to show that beer is essential to all classes:

"Whether it be the belted knight,
Or page who bears his sword and spear,
After, as before, the fight
They both must have their mass of beer."

This is a most fervent prayer to which every German would say "Amen:"

"From scolding wives and beer that's soured,
Deliver us, oh gracious Lord."

Another inscription reads in German, "Sauf oder lauf," which being translated reads, "Drink or git!" It is very much to the point, but is entirely unnecessary, I did not observe that any one "got." They all drank. Beside this is another cheerful inscription:

"Come in, the drinking will keep right along."

It will be noticed that the most of these inscriptions are from the landlord to his guests. This is one:

"You thirsty souls, I greet you all,
And give you welcome to my hall."

The German love for truth and beer is expressed in this:

"Out with the word when it quite true is,
In with the drink when good the brew is."

The main chance is never forgotten. This inscription is always prominent:

"Blessed be the entrance that here within you've made,
Blessed be your exit when you your score have paid."

As likewise this:

"You should come with pocket full and stomach empty quite,
You should go with stomach full and every pocket light."

Which is what is done in an American bar-room as well as German beer-hall.

This is a fate which is quite uncommon in this country:

"Oh sad his fate who has to stop and think,
When darkness comes, where he can get good drink."

This is a piece of historical information:

"The old Germans lived on both shores of the Rhine. They slept on bear skins, and always drank *just one more*."

There is nothing in any one language that has not been said in all other languages. I remember me an old sea captain in New York who was dilating upon the attachment that existed between himself and an old-time friend:

"Here we sat for forty years," he said, "right here at this table, every night till twelve, one, two, three in the morning, *just taking another one*."

And the Germans themselves have a way of jocularly inviting you to go out to a neighboring beer-garden, to take a glass of beer—*or three*.

This is a consoling sentence:

"Love may not be overcome, but thirst may be."

And this is likewise a good point for disconsolate lovers:

"Your girl may jilt you, but your pipe and glass are always steadfast."

These inscriptions are gorgeously painted in red, gold and all other colors, on scrolls and shields, and so placed as to excite curiosity. Some of them are reversed in front of mirrors so that they can only be read in the mirror.

BEER, HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

This beer business puzzles an American who has heard of Prohibition, precisely as the idea of Prohibition puzzles a German. The idea of Prohibition would create a rebellion in a minute. The business is under strict control, it is heavily taxed, and no one but a respectable citizen can have a license to sell. But the shops are open at all hours and on all days. There is a sort of an idea that they should be closed during the hour for religious service on Sundays, and are in some Cities, but as the Jews do not observe the first day of the week, or the Germans very much, that regulation is not strictly enforced.

It is a very important question in America. It is of no importance whatever here. Beer is as much a part of the living of the country as bread, and seemingly as harmless. There are no rowdies, no bar-room fights, no howling upon the streets, no ruined families in consequence of it. It is a curious thing, the difference between Germany and America and England in these particulars. The American or Englishman when he has too much beer has a wild desire to kill somebody; the German, no matter how much he drinks, never has too much. It is a saying with them that "too much beer is just enough." It is unquestionably a matter of climate and of training, though possibly the habits of ages has something to do with it.

A Fair Sort of a Lie.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

A story is told of a German who, while shaving, accidentally cut off his nose. In his excitement he dropped the razor and decapitated one of his toes. Hastily picking up the dismembered portions of his anatomy he clapped them to the bleeding wounds and bound them on tightly. After the flesh had grown fast and healed up he removed the bandages, and was filled with horrow when he found a well-developed toe in lieu of a nasal organ, and vice versa. Now, whenever he gets a cold he has to remove his shoe and stocking in order to blow his nose.

The Mexican Government is considering the advisability of adopting leading features of the United States postal system.

GALLIMAUFRY.

BY JOHN McELROY.

I.

ANTS.

The Wonderful Little Inhabitants of the Lilliput that Lies Beneath Our Feet.

Several centuries ago man was bidden to "go to the ant, . . . consider her ways and be wise." There was much more in this advice than those to whom it was given thought, but then that is commonly the way with advice and those who receive it.

The recent increase in our knowledge concerning the life and ways of the little fellows whose attentions to our sweetmeats are sometimes so troublesome, makes us tremble for our claim of a monopoly of intellect in the animal kingdom. It may be that we are the only animals having intellect, but if so then whatever the ant has it is so close an imitation as to deceive good judges. An ant's brain is not so large as a pin-head, but there is more hard, common-sense packed into it than many men squeeze into a No. 7 hat.

Like human beings, ants are divided into great races, with distinctly-marked characteristics, the bold, masterful, wealth-accumulating Europeans, the lords of the species, being represented by the red ants, and the other extreme, the oppressed and enslaved negros, by the black ants. No constitutional amendments have as yet operated to ameliorate in any degree distinctions in regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

The red ants organize great campaigns, and go to war with immense armies, these sometimes making a compact, well-ordered columns, from 6 to 12 feet wide, and from 600 to 900 feet long, with skirmishers thrown well to front, scouts scouring the country in every direction, flankers moving on by-roads, every division abundantly officered, and the whole moving with a harmony and unanimity that the most disciplined and best handled army could not surpass. Such a body is numerically vastly superior to the Army of the Potomac, the largest of those this country had in the field during the Rebellion, or even to the swarming hordes with which the Germans over-ran France.

These great armies invade the countries of other races, and fight fearfully destructive hand-to-hand battles, in which the slain far exceed in number those killed in the Wilderness or at Gettysburg. The motives of these expeditions seem to be very human. Sometimes they are to get a coveted bit of foraging ground, like the English invasion of Egypt or South Africa; sometimes they are to carry off some other tribe's flocks of rose-lice, which are the milch-cattle of the ants; sometimes they are probably just to get a "scientific boundary," like the English invasion of Afghanistan, or the French assault on Germany. When the attacks are made on the black ants the object is to get slaves. Probably there are also some ant-ideas as to "honor" and "prestige," which are as incomprehensible as human ideas on those points frequently are.

It is a sufficient commentary on our Woman Suffragists and Socialistic Workingmen, who claim that when they get into power wars will forever cease, that these ant armies are wholly made up of female-workers.

They are wonderful builders—carpenters, masons, plasterers, architects, etc. The skill and ingenuity they show in selecting places for their dwellings, in turning to use whatever material may be at hand, in laying out galleries, cells and enclosures, in springing arches, and constructing walls, and in the marvelous cleanliness and order of everything about their households, leaves ordinary human colonies far out of sight.

An ant nation seems to be a pure democracy, divided into three great classes: males, females and workers. The "workers," "neuters," or "nurse-ants," as they are variously called, are much the most numerous, and are the bone and sinew, the brains and back-bone, the "hard-fisted yeomanry" of the Nation. They are undeveloped females—the old maids of the community, and bear the whole burden of public affairs. The career of the young gentleman ants is brief and very brilliant. When they and the young lady ants have arrived at maturity they find themselves provided with beautiful white wings, which are their wedding costumes. They all start off on a flight through the air, which is a bridal trip and honeymoon. When they return there is no further use for the young gentlemen, whom the workers promptly kill or turn out of the nest to starve. At the same time these matter-of-fact old maids seize the languishing young brides, pull their wings—their wedding finery—off, and put them in their rooms. Each bride has a long retinue of spinster sisters, who devote themselves to taking care of her and her eggs, as fast as she produces them. They feed her with the finest honey they can milk from their rose-lice, help her make her dainty toilet, cleanse every particle of dust from her eggs, carry them in the morning to where the sun warms the outer cells of the nest, and in the evening take them back out of reach of the frost, tenderly feed, cleanse and watch over the young ones after hatching, teaching them all the wisdom of the race, including the intricacies of corridors, cells and passage-ways, and only relinquish the care of their charges when they open their wings for the wedding tour. In short, the ants behave very much like dearly beloved maiden aunts, of whom most families fortunately have one.

Ants are exceedingly fond of sweet things, and their most reliable way of getting the honey which is their greatest luxury is by means of flocks of *aphides*, or rose-lice, which collect the honey from the plants, and it is then milked from them in a very skilful and scientific way by their insect shepherds.

The superb discipline of the ant armies is not only shown in their wars, but in their grand hunting expeditions, which are conducted by armies, and have as objectives such noble game as spiders, beetles, cockroaches, grasshoppers, and even small birds. For them to attack such creatures is equivalent to an army of men, armed only with clubs, assailing a lion as big as a railroad car. The slaughter of the gallant little fellows is frequently terrible, and they seem to understand the danger, for many of them flinch and run away, and have to be brought back by their officers. But they are bravely led into the fight, and held there until the victory has been secured. Spiders are the only things that occasionally manage to escape an attack that has been delivered against them, but in most instances these are slain, and carried back in slices to the storehouse.

With so much intellectual power, which implies a fine talent for observation, what an amazing world the ant must see around her with her thousand-faceted eyes. An ordinary farm is as large as the world is to us, and filled with inconceivably more wonderful things. A field of wheat is a boundless forest, an angle-worm larger than an Amazonian boa constrictor, a garter snake more of a monster than the ichthyosaurus. A spider is the horrid octopus, a housefly larger than an eagle, a beetle or pinching-bug with its bright armor and terrible talons, a more fearful creation than the horned and scaled dragon our forefathers used to imagine as the most terrible of created things. Wheat stalks are bigger than the giant redwoods of California, a bit of moss is a piece of luxuriant shrubbery, and the butterflies, gnats, musketos, bees, wasps, dragon-flies, lady-bugs, ticks, etc., with their marvelous painted wings, their intensely brilliant colors, their armor harder than tempered steel, their terrible horns, hooks, and mandibles, their deadly stings, and jaws that can crush wood and crack stones fill the little world about the ant with more resplendent, wonderful and horrible things than the writer of the Arabian Nights ever pictured or possibly ever dreamed of. An ant crossing a little valley encounters more amazing things, in land, in water and in air than Sinbad the Sailor met or saw in all his seven wonderful voyages. Man is to her a giant several thousand feet high, and a horse an animal bigger than a mountain.

Written Expressly for the Toledo BLADE.

Throne and Scaffold

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

BOOK III—THE EARL.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

Though the unfortunate girl who was still Queen of England in name, had been committed to the Tower, though there could be little doubt that her slender neck was doomed to be severed by the headman's steel, though her relatives had had their property confiscated and her friends had been sent to the scaffold, there still remained a faithful few who, without hope of gain, honor or reward, were ready to lay down their lives, if by so doing they could benefit Katherine.

A chivalrous little body of knights and nobles had sworn by their honor that so long as Henry the Eighth's fifth wife remained alive, their sole allegiance, at whatever hazard, would be to her, and this little band of conspirators had found a hearty coadjutor in the old usurer, Elias Ottwell.

So long as Katherine was kept in isolation, if not in actual imprisonment, in Sion House, they had forborne to take any steps on her behalf, lest the mere fact of such endeavors should be twisted into an excuse for the exercise of greater severity, but no sooner was it known that by the King's orders the Queen had been transferred to the Tower than the gallant band, who sought no higher distinction than to be her defenders, hastened to meet together to arrange, if it be possible, some scheme by which Katherine might be rescued from the cruel, bloody fate which the King, so recently her ardent lover, had brought himself to decree.

Within the precincts of the court, where the very walls had ears, these men dared not meet, and in hasty consultation the house of Elias Ottwell was determined upon for the rendezvous.

Nothing could have happened better, for by this act they met with Godfrey and Cicely, both of whom, as actual eye-witnesses, were able to give the latest accounts of the Queen, and to join heart and hand in any scheme which might present a reasonable chance of procuring her liberation.

To get her from the Tower was the first consideration, to spirit her away without discovery to the shores of France or Holland, the second.

"I will find gold to charter a vessel," said old Ottwell, "but 'tis hard in so short a while to get one fitted. But be that my care."

"Not so," cried Godfrey, springing to his feet, "methinks I can propose a better plan." And then he told of the sea Captain whom he had so strangely encountered a few hours before, and repeated the offer he had made him of his vessel should he desire to escape with Cicely to other lands.

"Yet of what avail is that to us?" asked one.

"See you not," exclaimed Godfrey, his face glowing with excitement, "see you not? He of this gold chain had but a passing glimpse of Cicely—he knows her not. Let the Queen Katherine embark with me, on board his ship, and none but we who further her escape will know that it is she. The sailors, seeing a damsel in my company, will never dream it is other than her, whom they met this night. Do I not speak well?"

"'Tis the blessed saints have provided the means of escape for her, whom we would so gladly serve," said the usurer fervently.

"And yet 'tis but a small part of the difficulty solved. Bethink you, my friends, our Queen this night lies under key and guard within the walls of yon baleful Tower. What we have to do must be done right quickly or 'twill be too late. The butcher Henry keeps not his victims long waiting for the shambles. Who has a method to suggest by which the guards can be bribed, or who has a scheme to pick iron locks, shoot back bolts, strike off fetters and throw wide the gates?"

"I have," cried Cicely, rising, her beautiful face full of the emotion she felt, and her thin, white, taper fingers, quivering with excitement.

"You" they repeated, after her, as their gaze full of admiration, rested on the fair young face which glowed, as if with a sudden inspiration.

"Thou shalt run into no danger," whispered Godfrey, as he caught her hand in his and pressed it fervently. "Remember thy life is mine, for hast thou not given thyself to me?"

"The risk is but small, of that which I would do, the danger is naught unless that I should fail—and I will *not* fail."

"What is this thing that thou wouldest do?" asked Godfrey anxiously.

"When she, who now lies cooped within a dungeon," said Cicely, in a low, soft, sweet voice, "was but the Lady Katherine Howard, and living in a condition which but poorly accorded with that dignity, she honored me by more than her companionship—her friendship. When suddenly promoted to the highest position a subject can fill in this realm, she remembered the days of old, and suffered not the glamor of a throne to dispel the memory of her former companion, and I was as near to the Queen as I had been to the Lady Katherine."

"All this we know, fair lady. 'Tis of the future, not of the past, we would fain hear you speak."

"Bear with me yet a little. When King Harry, in his wrath, spurned the true and loyal lady whom he had love with his whole heart's yearning and drove her from his sight, 'twas I, who with some others, remained her companion in the mockery of a Court, still held at Hampton. When later, even this skeleton of royalty was denied her, and but a single attend

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, Publishers.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1882.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

A New York policeman arrested his own wife. Even a policeman's cloud sometimes has a silver lining.

Simmon's Gap, Va., has a patriarch of 80 years, living with his ninth wife, who is father of 35 children. At a recent reunion over 200 descendants wished him long life.

A remarkable sale of Montana grass-fed steers has been made in Chicago by D. A. G. Flowerce, of Helena, who received $37,000 for 800 head of four and five year olds, averaging 1,445 pounds each.

The German Government has adopted a new regulation on its lines of railway. In the future the carriages will be painted of the same color as the tickets of the different classes—first, yellow; second, green; third, white.

The Indians at Standing Rock Agency have raised this year 150 bushels of wheat, 6,000 bushels of oats, 10,000 bushels of corn, and 1,000 bushels of potatoes, besides a good supply of squashes, pumpkins, melons, beans, and other farm products.

An experiment is to be made in New Orleans to a limited extent with mesquite wood, a native of Texas, very durable, and nearly as hard as iron, for street paving purposes. It is so abundant that the cost of buying, cutting, and transporting will be very slight.

Three hundred dollars a year gives a spacious and elegant residence in the Azores. Servant wages are $2 to $5 a month; one cent a pound buys the finest grapes; meat and chickens cost about 10 per cent. less than here; fish is excellent and abundant, and vegetables are plenty and cheap.

Facetious gardener (to individual who had helped to "long on the "bloom on the rye" that its radiant color had been imparted to his countenance): "Mornin', Mr. Wattles. Would you just come around and give a look for 10 minutes over them 'ere cowcumbers? They're a shade back'ard, sir."—*Punch.*

A Convention of some 150 clergymen of Massachusetts met in the vestry of Park Street Church, Wednesday, to consider a proposition to amend the Constitution of the State so as to prohibit the sale. The importance of securing the election of members of the Legislature who will vote to secure such amendments.

Pigeon races are so popular in Belgium that in the province of Liege alone, 31,250 carrier pigeons were sent by rail in March, 232,250 in April, 550,000 in May, 320,000 in June, and 90,000 during the first three weeks in July, making a total of more than 1,000,000 birds in less than five months. More than 1,000 railway trains were required to carry them to their destination.

"Do you mix anything with your candles?" he asked, as he laid his money down and picked up the package of gum-drops. "Well sometimes—a little glucose, perhaps." "Anything else?" "Perhaps a little clay." "Any chalk?" "Only a very little; not enough to speak of." "It's of no interest to me, you know" continued the stranger; "but I was wondering why you didn't have your candies made at a regular brick-yard, of the regular material, and have something you could warrant to purchasers."

Eighty Frenchmen, engineers, guides, foremen and navvies, with 60 Morocco navvies enlisted in Algeria, 600 Senegal negros, and 500 others, are about to commence the construction of the railway to connect Senegal with the Niger. Their operations will be protected by a column under Col. Desbordes, which will victual the posts, plant the French flag on the Niger, and erect two forts on that river. A second railroad, from St. Louis to Dakar, is also about to be commenced, and a cable will shortly be laid between France and Senegal.

"Arabic guards are anxious about their prisoners, and watch him for fear of suicide, though that is unlikely with a Mussulman. He has sunk into a profound sadness, speaks only when strongly urged, and looks out aimlessly at the wall of the little back yard, which is his only prospect, thinking, perhaps, of Tel-el-Kebir the impregnable, and that ride for life on horseback. His melancholy body may increase his despondency, but at present his condition is that of a profoundly happy Bedouin or a soulless man. Toulin, on the other hand, is full of life, discussing pros and cons with his janitor through an interpreter.

FOR THE LADIES.

It is estimated that courtships cost on an average three tons of coal each; but most persons have nothing to go that much on getting a match for their girls. Years of old maidenhood cost more than one courtship.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Fashionable Newport is amused over the discomfiture of a brainless young Croesus, who presented to one of his society belles a rare and royal pair of—well, in common parlance, "garters." They were so handsome with their jewels and precious metals that the young lady refused to return them when she refused an offer of her admirer's hand.

An extraordinary mode of committing suicide was tried by a woman at Buda-Vesth. She bought 60 leeches, then went to a bathing house, put the leeches on her body, removed her clothing and left. She had gone but a few blocks when she fell down senseless, and was thus found by a policeman, who forwarded her to a hospital.

Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere, as she is usually called) is the wife of a Mr. Pigeon, a solicitor of Bristol, and was fairly well-recognized in the English Provinces. Making the acquaintance of Mr. Labouchere, she at once perceived the absolute necessity of "washing her sweetness on the desert air," of Bristol, the wife of an obscure solicitor, so she transferred herself and her affections to a more congenial sphere, Pigeon being comforted for the loss with a few thousand dollars.

In Germany, in 1881, a census was made of the number of trades. From an abstract recently published of the results of this statistical inquiry, it appears that women are taking a more and more active part in trades and industries. Most of the women engaged in trade are found in the textile industries, in virtual trades, and in leather and paper manufactures. The age of those females is between 12 and 27 years. In all 56,335 female laborers are engaged in the largest German manufactories which were examined, amounting to 1,500,000 men. There is no manufactory in which female workmen are not employed.

RECENT LITERATURE.

DR. ZAY. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toledo: T. J. Brown Eager & Co.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has, in "Doctor Zay," gone over the same ground and argument worked up by Mr. Howells in "Dr. Breen's Practice;" the difference being that in "Dr. Zay" we see matters from a woman's point of view, and in "Dr. Breen" from a man's. The woman of course tries to prove that a woman may be a physician from true love of science, that love may come as an intrusion almost in her life, and that even when she yields to it, it may remain a secondary matter to her profession, not interfering with it, or even the claims of her husband. This is demonstrated in "Dr. Zay," a lady physician in the wilds of New England, with whom a young man patient very foolishly falls in love. The story is well worked out, even if it fails to make any converts.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY IN THE ENGLISH COLONIES OF AMERICA. By Eben Greenough Scott. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This work is designed to give a comprehensive view of the things in the life of the American people before the War of Independence that made them what they are. The author endeavors to show that the United States was the result of the great movement called the Reformation, and that the free inquiry which that evolved upon religious subjects, extended to political matters and gave to us a really constitutional Government. The matter is given in a very interesting manner, and will prove exceedingly valuable to those who desire to understand the philosophy of historical facts.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSE FICTION. From Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot. By Bayard Tuckerman. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

A work like this, covering such an extent of ground, cannot be expected to enter into minute details, but the present volume gives a fair exposition of the growth and progress of English fiction and of the influence passing events had upon its development.

AMERICAN STATESMEN—JOHN RANDOLPH. By Henry Adams. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

John Randolph is so closely associated with the early history of our country that the details of his life and character are of exceeding interest. The volume is written in an easy, pleasant way that will interest many readers. It is one of a series of "American Statesmen" which this publishing house is giving to the public.

Benson's Rheumatic Plaster is an invaluable dressing for inflamed and sore joints. Price, 25c.

LAND OF THE AZTECS.

Things and People of Mexico.

Deserts—Haciendas—Pure Air—Feudalism—Railroads—Popular Prejudices—Chihuahua—Mexican Policemen—Peons—Prospects of the Country.

CHIHUAHUA, Mexico, Oct. 23, 1882.

To the Editor of the TOLEDO BLADE:

The introduction of our American railway system into Mexico having caused the eyes of many of our people to turn with a speculative gaze towards this famous land of political and terrestial revolutions, I beg permission to introduce through your columns a few observations pertaining to the district at present opened up by the first division of the Mexican Central Road, terminating at the City of Chihuahua.

STARTING AT PASO DEL NORTE,

the line traverses a region of country marked for a distance of about 100 miles by no other attraction than a dreary waste of desert, relieved now and then by vast hills of sand that denote the accumulation of ages, and lined upon the west by the broken and barren foot hills of the Sierra Madre mountains. There are in places stunted growths of shrubbery and bunches of grass, which indicates that with a copious water supply this desert waste might be made productive. But that it ever will be is a matter of the gravest doubt. The only way at all practicable would be to sink a multitude of wells from which it would then be possible by means of irrigating ditches to distribute a supply of water for cultivation.

Approaching Chihuahua from a point about 100 miles distant the aspect of the country changes for the better. A laguna, together with numerous flowing springs in the adjacent mountains, contribute a liberal quantity of water, whereby a few extensive haciendas and considerable stock—cattle and sheep—are sustained.

This entire region, stretching for miles upon either side of the railroad, with the exception of a half interest in our hacienda, belongs to

GOV. TERRAZAS

in person. It is said that a very large per cent. of the most valuable land in the State passes on through, I imagine there will be a great fumble. Happily, people are not flocking in very fast as yet with any amount of capital to invest in City property. There is nothing to contribute to nor sustain any considerable growth. The agricultural interests are not extensive enough, and the mining districts are nearer other and better points. The railroad is wholly an enterprise of experiment. That it will or will not pay is a matter upon which I am not prepared to judge. At all events, there are points below the City of Chihuahua where a sure and prosperous development would generate in preference.

THE MEXICAN CENTRAL ROAD,

so far as completed, is in fine shape, and reflects great credit upon its builders. Chihuahua boasts one newspapaper, the *Mail*, the only one in the State, started in July last by Mr. Frank Whitelaw, an able and pleasant gentleman. It has reached an encouraging point of success, and will be memorable in the annals of the Republic's history as the third paper ever published.

From here I go into Texas, and if agreeable, will send you some notes from the Lone Star State. Until then, adieu.

C. S. THRALL.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

Bill Nye Tenders Some Advice to Lo, the Poor Indian.

Laramie Boomerang.

In the Rocky Mountains now the eternal whiteness is stealing down toward the foothills, and the brown mantle of October hangs softly on the swelling divide, while along the streams, cottonwood and willow are turned to gold, and the deep green of the solemn pines lies further back against the soft blue of the Autumn sky. The sigh of the approaching storm is heard at eventide, and the hostile Indian comes into the reservation to get some arnica for his chilblain and to heal up the old feeling of intolerance on the part of the pole face.

He leaves the glorious picture of mountain and glen, the wide sweep of magnificent nature, where a thousand gorgeous dyes are spread over the remains of the dead Summer, and folding his tepee, he steals into the home of the white man that he may be once more at peace with the world.

The hectic of the dying year saddens and depresses him, for is it not an emblem to him of the death of his race? Is it not to him an assurance that in the golden ultimately, the red man will be sought for on the face of the earth and he will not be able to represent. He will not be there either in person or by proxy. Here and there may be found the little silent mounds with some glass beads and teeth in them, but the silent warrior with the Roman nose will not be there.

The Indian agent will have a large, conservative cemetery on his hands and the brave warrior will be marching single file through the corridors of the hence.

At this moment he does not look romantic. Clothed in a coffee sack and a little brief authority he would make a good vignette for a $5 bill. His wife, too, looks careworn, and the old glad light is not in her eye. Her gunny-sack dolman is not what it once was, and her beautifully-arched fopt has spread out over the reservation more than it used to. Her step has lost its old elasticity and so have her suspenders.

Autumn brings to her nothing but regret for the past and hopelessness for the future. The cold and cruel Winter will bring her nothing but bitter memories and condemned Government grub. The solemn hush of nature and the gorgeous coloring of the forest do not awake a thrill in her wild heart. She cares not for the dead Summer or the mellow mist of the grand old mountains.

She doesn't care two cents. She knows that no sealskin sack will come to her on the Christmas trees and the glad welcome of the placid and select oyster is not for her.

Is it surprising, then, that to this decaying belle of an old family the sparkle of hope is unknown? Can we wonder, as we contemplate her history, that to her the soldier pantaloons of last year and the bullwhacker's straw hat of '79 are obnoxious?

She is like her sex and her joy is fractured by the knowledge that her moccasins are down at the heel and her stockings existing in the realms of fancy. We should not look with scorn upon Mrs. Rise-up-William-Riley, for hope is dead in her breast, and the wigwam is desolate in the sage-brush.

Daughter of a great Nation, we are not mad at you. You are not to be blamed because the Republican party has busted your crust. We do not hate you because you eat your steak rare and wear your own hair. It is your own right to do so if you wish. Brace up, therefore, and take a tumble, and try to be cheerful. We will not massacre you if you will not massacre us. All we want is peace, and you can wear what you like, only wear something, if you please, when you come into our society. We do not ask you to conform strictly to our false and peculiar costumes, but wear something to protect you from the chilling blasts of Winter and you will win our respect. You needn't mingle in our society much if you do not choose to, but wrap yourself up in most any kind of clothing that will silence the tongue of slander, and try to quit drinking. You would get along first rate if you would only let liquor alone. Do not try to drown your sorrows in the flowing bowl. It's expensive and unsatisfactory. Take our advice and swear off. We have tried it, and we know what we are talking about.

You have a glorious future before you, if you will cease to drink the vintage of the pale face, and monkey with petit larceny. Look at Pocahontas and Mrs. Tecumseh. They didn't drink. They were women of no more ability than you have, but they were high-toned, and they got there, Eli. Now they are known to history along with Cornwallis and Tom Payne. You can do the same if you choose to. Do not be content to lead a yellow dog around by a string and get inebriated, but rise up out of the alkali dust, and resolve that you will shun the demon of drink.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

A Cow with a Wooden Leg.

Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Leader.

Mrs. Mary Gravely, of Baily's Cross Roads, Bucks County, Pa., has a cow which, about four months ago, had its right front leg cut off below the knee by a railroad train. A veterinary surgeon dressed the wound, and tied up the arteries so skillfully that the cow recovered. She was kept in the stable until a few days ago, when a neighbor, a cabinet-maker, made for her a wooden leg, which was strapped on the stump. The cow hopped along, holding the injured leg up for a day or two, but now she has concluded to use the wooden attachment, and limps around quite comfortably upon it, and seems to be in good health.

THE PEON

element of the Mexican nation are born with predatory instincts; no amount of worldly prosperity can subdue their inclination to pilfer.

THE HOTELS

are poor and very indifferently kept, charging $3 a day for what in our country would be given to the dogs and tramps. I allude to those hotels kept by Americans. The Mexican food may be good, for the kind, but I can't appreciate it, so have nothing to say.

The heavy duties, added to the rapacity of merchants, causes all articles of merchandize to be sold at exorbitant prices, from 200 to 500 per cent. higher than in the States.

The Mexican merchant when taking annual stock, always computes it at retail figures, and further, adds yearly to the cost of an article the interest upon the money representing it, compounding if over one year old. The Mexican thus argues, that the older a thing grows the more valuable it becomes, which argument is clearly illustrated in the appearance of all their institutions and customs. There is but very little attractive scenery about the country around the City. The blue barren hills and peaks of the Sierra Madras are all that relieve the eye from the adobe sameness that surrounds you.

IRRIGATION.

The growth of trees, shrubbery, flowers, etc., depend entirely upon irrigation, and it is only the rich who have wealth and power to make the lazy peon work, that have any such attractions, and they have them hidden within their placitas, or behind high walls.

I cannot predict, as some do, a brilliant future for this place. The railroad has instituted a temporary boom, which has sent real estate and other property way up, as compared to former prices.

But it is all fictitious; there is no solid bottom to stand upon; and when the road

GOV. TERRAZAS

in person. It is said that a very large per cent. of the most valuable land in the State is the property of the Governor and managed under the supervision of his relatives. The bulk of the remaining good land, lying south of the Capital, is divided into very large estates or hacianads and owned by a few wealthy Dons, leaving but a small and comparatively poor portion to the public domain.

The vast extent of territory comprised in these Mexican haciendas reminds one of the ancient days of feudalism, stripped of their magnificence and romantic chivalry.

There is nothing resplendent nor grand about the estate of a Mexican Don, with its low, quadrangular adobe house, which, to dignify, we will call castle, and its nude outbuildings made of mud, shaped into something like square blocks, nothing here that suggests splendor nor romance. Nothing but vast domain with an occasional pretty little garden of trees and flowers, encircled and hidden by mud walls, and too simplest, most primitive way of living and cultivating the soil.

PRIMITIVE TOOLS.

The crooked stick still supplies the place of our steel plow and the grain is threshed by spreading upon the ground and being trodden upon by burros and oxen, then thrown into the air and separated from chaff by the wind. Corn is shelled by means of cubs—after the manner of our flail. Products of all kinds are brought to market upon the backs of burros and in high, wooden wheeled carts drawn by oxen. Everything one sees is rude and primitive. The people display a very slow disposition to accept improvements. They look upon them as innovations calculated to rob them of long-cherished privileges, and to work disastrous revolutions or something equally terrible, and settle back in superstitious awe upon their crooked sticks.

LAND MONOPOLISTS.

The fact that all of the really good farming and grazing land in the State is owned by a few individuals, who guard their possessions with ridiculous care, makes it very difficult, if not wholly impossible, for a person so disposed to purchase any desirable tract; and even should it chance that a hacienda might be offered for sale, its vast extent would require such a large capital to buy it, as to put it beyond the reach of most farmers; and a part cannot be purchased without the whole. A man of wealth or a company of capitalists, could, by taking hold and dividing up into ordinary sized farms, dispose of them readily and to advantage, for the soil is rich and easily made to grow most anything.

NEEDED CHANGES.

Until these immense tracts are so reduced as to become obtainable by the average farmer, and the heavy duty upon manufactured imports relieved, there are absolutely no inducements existing for farmers to emigrate to this country. Such lands as belong to the public domain are undesirable in the greater part. What is true of this State is true of the whole Republic, so far as lands are concerned. The Government prefers for land varieties from six cents to $2.50 per hectare (about 2½ acres) with the privilege of taking one square league upon condition that 12 souls be kept living thereon for a period of 10 years, when the land is deeded over by the Government without further costs.

A four months failure to comply with this condition dispossesses the holder of all interest, without remission.

THE CLIMATE

of Chihuahua is especially fine; even, unchangeable: it neither becomes excessively cold nor uncomfortably hot. At an altitude of nearly 5,000 feet, with the bright sun shining its golden rays from a sky of perfect saure, the atmosphere is always clear and dry, and never becomes oppressive.

The rainy season, which occurs during June, July and August, is not objectionable. It rains in showers, more or less severe, and is then over, leaving the air fresh and sweet. No damp mists nor drizzling days, but vigorous rains which enliven vegetation and cool the air during the warmest season of the year. Meats and vegetables thrown upon the ground do not decay, nor emit effusive odors and disease parasites, but dry up and mingle with the dust of the soil. It is, I consider, very favorably adapted to persons afflicted with tuberculous lung disease—far superior to Southern California, which is low and damp. I have tested the climates of various places, including Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, South California, and I unhesitatingly pronounce this the superior, so far as my own case and experience is concerned. The testimony of all others who have shared a like experience bear me out in this opinion.

People seldom die from disease here; the revolver and knife are occasional instruments of delight to the surgeon and undertaker, while old age acts as the chief emissary from Hades.

THE CITY OF CHIHUAHUA

presents a novel and interesting picture to the tourist, with its low adobe houses built in continuous blocks from one street to the other, narrow, pinched-up streets and rough cobble sidewalks.

The adobe house, with its inner placitu or court, filled with beautiful trees and flowers, has often been written about that I have no need to exhaust the patience of the reader with any further description.

The cathedral is an object of special interest to the student of architecture and history. Its curiously carved images, rude, massive architecture, quaint old towers, bearing marks from the heroic Maximillian's cannon, are features of wonder and amusement to an American.

THE PLAZA,

fronting the cathedral on one side, is the only inviting place of public resort in the city. It is nicely laid out with pretty trees and flower beds, a handsome large fountain in the center, which furnishes the water supply of the city, and a music stand on the right. A wide promenade encircles the plaza, lined upon both sides with artistic iron seats, where the weary come to rest. Here the *elite* of the City assemble in the evening and continue their promenade to the inspiriting music of the Barracks band, well on towards midnight, after which they quietly disperse and betake themselves into the arms of Morpheus, and silence reigns over the queer old City—a deep, dead silence, with nothing to disturb it save the shrill call of the night patrol, which sounds abroad at every quarter hour.

I was surprised at the general neatness of the place and the good order maintained. Every morning an army of peons turn out and sweep the streets clean. So much cannot, however be said of the kitchens and persons of the mass of people, for a dirtier, more indifferent set I have never seen.

THE CHIHUAHUA POLICEMAN

is an institution well calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the evil-disposed. Surveyed at a distance he is quite an interesting object; with a magazine rifle upon his shoulder, bayonet attached, a belt full of cartridges, and a six-shooter thrust through it, he looks much like a walking arsenal.

Out of the 18,000 souls claimed to exist within the City limits fully 14,000 are paupers, or persons who have no visible means of livelihood. A few do labor enough to earn two or four bits a day, with which they sustain their families; many, including the soldiers, live upon one bit a day; the rest steal and beg.

WHO FIRST FIRED AT SUMTER.

The Chance Offered to Roger A. Pryor, and Accepted by Capt. George S. James.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I wish to correct an error, which has almost passed into an historical fact. It is this: That Edmund Ruffin of Virginia, did not fire the first gun at Fort Sumter, but that Captain George S. James of South Carolina, afterward killed when a Lieutenant-Colonel at Boonsboro, Md., did fire it.

The writer was a Captain of the South Carolina army at the time, and an Aide-de-Camp on the staff of Gen. Beauregard. He now has before him a diary written at the time, and there can be no mistake as to the fact.

The summons for the surrender or evacuation was carried by Col Chesnut of South Carolina and Capt. S. D. Lee. They arrived at Sumter at 2.20 P. M., April 11.

Maj. Anderson declined to surrender, but remarked, "He would be starved out in a few days, if he was not knocked to pieces by Gen. Beauregard's batteries." This remark was repeated to Gen. Beauregard, who informed Pres. Davis. The result was a second message was sent to Maj. Anderson by the same officers, accompanied by Roger A Pryor of Virginia, and Col. Chisholm of South Carolina. The messengers arrived at Sumter at 12:25 A. M., April 12. Maj. Anderson was informed that if he would surrender on April 15, and in the mean time would not fire on Gen. Beauregard's batteries, unless he was fired on, he would be allowed that time; also that he would not be allowed to receive provisions from the United States authorities. The Major declined to accede to this arrangement, saying he would not open fire unless a hostile act was committed against his fort or his flag, but that if he could be supplied with provisions before the 15th of April he would receive them, and in that event he would not surrender. This reply being unsatisfactory, Col. James Chesnut and Capt. S. D. Lee gave the Major a written communication, dated "Fort Sumter, S. C., April 12, 1861, 3:20 A. M.," informing him, by the authority of Gen. Beauregard, that the batteries of Gen. Beauregard would open on the fort in one hour from that time.

The party, as designated, then proceeded in their boat to Fort Johnson, on James Island, and delivered the order to Capt. George S. James, commanding the mortar battery, to open fire on Fort Sumter. At 4:30 A. M., the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and at 4:40 the second gun was fired from the same battery. Capt. James offered the honor of firing the first shot to Roger A. Pryor of Virginia. He declined, saying he could not fire the first gun. Another officer then offered to take Pryor's place. James replied: "No! I will fire it myself." And he did fire it. At 4:45 A. M., nearly all the batteries in the harbor were firing on Sumter. Mr. Edward Ruffin (who was much beloved and respected) was at the iron battery on Morris Island. I always understood he fired the first gun from the iron battery, but one thing is certain—he never fired the first gun against Fort Sumter. George S. James did. Nor did he fire the second gun. He may have fired the third gun, or first gun from the iron battery on Morris Island.

Yours respectfully,

S. D. LEE.

A Mustang and a Buck-Jumper.

Detroit Free Press.

"That pony is a mustang and buck-jumper," whispered a friendly cow-boy in the off ear of a verdant youth from the East, who was bidding briskly on a vicious-looking piece of horse-flesh in Texas.

Being as well versed in the nomenclature of horse points as Balaam's beast was supposed to be in the dialect of the White River Utes, he went another V blind and became the possessor of the animal.

"If he is a buck-jumper and a mustang he is well worth the money," remarked the young man with an I-know-all-about-it look, as the cow-boy with difficulty placed him in the saddle.

The pony bucked, and the broad prairie took the rider fondly to its bosom.

"What do you mean by telling me that this horse is a mustang and a buck-jumper, when he is the most infernal go-as-he-pleases brute in Texas?" exclaimed the tender-foot, as he untangled himself, brushed out the knots in his legs, and limped towards the kindly manipulator of cattle.

"What he has just done is called bucking."

"That is buckling, is it? Well, what the ——— does he do when he mustangs?"

A Sixteen-Story Garden.

Mauch Chunk Gazette.

Mr. William G. Freyman's garden, one of the finest in Mauch Chunk, is typical of the "Switzerland of America." It requires a good deal of engineering skill to lay out a garden on a hill over 200 feet high and so steep that one could climb it only when armed with an alpenstock, and even then only by firmly inserting the toe-nails in the crevices of the red rock that formed the precipitous bluff, and Mr. Freyman has accomplished the difficult task. By a liberal outlay of money and labor he has built a garden containing nearly an acre of ground, and separated into 16 stories by walls built across its entire breadth. The ascent of the stories is by means of a long flight of steps, several hundred in number, and from a rustic arbor somewhere up in the 10th or 11th story a splendid view of the borough is had.

Water Filtration With Spongy Iron.

Prof. Bischoff's system of water filtration has been for some time before the public. The use of spongy iron has now been applied on a large scale to the water obtained from the River Nette for the supply of the City of Antwerp. Dr. Frankland has visited the Antwerp water works at Waelheim, about 15 miles above that City, and reported on the results of his inquiry. He attaches especial value of the fact that spongy iron filtration "is absolutely fatal to bacteria and their germs," and he considers it would be "an invaluable boon to the metropolis if all water supplied from the Thames and Lea were submitted to this treatment in default of a new supply from unimpeachable sources."

Thought He was Cheering Him Up.

Boston Post.

You know how the effects of champagne seems to grow on a man for about two days, when he fills up with it. A gilded youth was explaining to his friends that he had drank a lot the night before and felt it in his head a good deal. "Wait," said one, "till to-morrow. It'll grow on you and you'll be drunker than a bolied owl." "Do you think to scare me by telling me that!" cried the youth. "Scare you!" replied the old rounder; "By George, I thought I was cheering you up."

The Difference.

Oil City Derrick.

When an editor makes a mistake in his paper all the world sees it and calls him a liar. When a private citizen makes a mistake nobody knows it except a few friends, and they come around and ask the editor to keep it out of the paper. When the private citizen dies the editor is asked to write of all his good qualities and leave out the bad. When the editor dies the private citizen says: "Now that old liar will get his deserts."

The Retort Courteous.

Chicago Herald.

Bob Ingersoll's beautiful burst of eloquence over the duty of a devoted wife in the Star Route trial is not likely to be remembered as long as the retort of one of the Government counsel to an ill-tempered speech of Bob's. "Go to h—l," said Bob. "Thank you, was the reply; "have you a servant to answer the door-bell, or shall I take your latch key." This might be termed the retort sulphurous.

Impossible.

Chicago Tribune.

Christine Nilsson says that Oscar Wilde is not so big a fool as he looks. Nobody out this way supposed he could be.

DANIEL MURPHY'S DEATH.

Sketch of the Largest Land-Owner in the World, and His Possessions.

San Francisco Morning Call.

This afternoon the remains of Daniel Murphy, of this City, arrived by special train from Halleck, Nev., Mr. Murphy having died at that place, of dysentery, last Sunday morning. The deceased was one of the pioneers of California, having arrived in this State in 1844. He was a native of Quebec, Can., and at the time of his death was 56 years old. In 1842 he removed with his father and the remainder of his family to what was then the wilds of Missouri. There the family remained until late in 1843, when Martin Murphy, the elder son, and his children, Martin, James, John, Bernard, Johanna (now Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Gilroy,) Mary (now Mrs. Miller, of San Rafael,) Helen (now Mrs. Weber, of Stockton,) Margaret (afterward Mrs. Kell, of this County, now deceased,) and Daniel, the subject of this sketch, who was then about 16 years old, started overland for California. On the way out, crossing the Sierra, the party divided at what is known as Truckee. John, Daniel, and their sister Helen (Mrs. Townsend), Oliver Magnon and one or two others, branched off and went down to Lake Tahoe. Daniel Murphy was the first white man who ever gazed on the placid bosom of that beutiful lake. It was the Murphy party who christened Truckee river and Truckee lake, both being called after their Indian guide.

The deceased leaves a wife and two children—Daniel and Diana—his oldest daughter, Mrs. Chapman, having died several years ago. Daniel, Jr., is now about 22 years old. Deceased spent the greater portion of his time in Nevada, Arizona and Mexico, for several years giving personal attention to his large stock interests in the valleys and ranges of those places. His business ever since he came to California, has been stock raising. He first had large tracts in the south end of this county, and as his herds grew he went into the San Joaquin Valley. The "no-fence" law forced him to take his cattle to Nevada. He owned also about 200,000 acres of land in that State when he died, and 6,000,000 in the State of Durango, Mexico, and large tracts in Arizona, and was, at the time of his death, the largest land-owner in the world. The main railroad running through Mexico will go through his land. Only a few weeks ago he, with another gentleman, purchased the great Don Juan Foster ranch, fronting on the southern coast, paying therefor $450,000. He had also, it is stated, just completed arrangements for the entire purchase of the cattle interests of William Dunphy of San Francisco. Daniel Murphy, like all of Martin Murphy's family, was very widely known on this coast and generally liked. He was unpretentious, good-natured and warm-hearted.

NILSSON.

An Interview with the Swedish Nightingale—She Hopes to be Able to Retire After Three Years More.

New York Evening Post.

"Since I left here in 1873 my whole artistic being has undergone a change," said Mme. Nilsson. "I have become more of an actress, without, I hope, ceasing to be a singer. But the older I grow the more pleasure I feel in swaying an audience by effects produced entirely by my acting. A great many persons have fine voices, but only a few can excite emotion solely by musical declamation; that is to me the test of An actress on the lyric stage. For this reason, and because I believe that at least half my power lies in dramatic effect, I am sorry that I am to appear for the present only in concert. I can sing in concert, as you know, for I made my first appearance in New York at Steinway Hall ever so many years ago; but I feel that I am only half myself, and I shall try as far as possible to forget that I am not on the operatic stage. If I throw away my music and act the part as well as the circumstances will permit, I know that the public will not disapprove. My wish is to retire from the stage in three years and establish a home in London. I am tired of work, of standing before the public, to be applauded or criticized, as the case may be. I am tired of the strong light of a public life, and want to retire, not to give up music, but to do for my own pleasure and charity what I have done so far for money. If the creation of any great part is offered to me I may accept it, for I love the stage, and one of the greatest pleasures of my life was the triumphant success of Bolto's "Mephistopheles," in which I created the parts of *Margueri ta* and *Helen*. Bolto wants me to create the chief part in his "Nero," which he is now finishing, and I shall probably do so—next Summer, possibly.

"I have been thinking that if Mr. Abbey does not see his way clear to giving opera this year, I may stay here all next Summer, and then sing in opera next Winter if your new opera house is done, or perhaps at the Academy of Music. I do not want to go without saying good-by from the operatic stage, and I shall never have the courage to cross the ocean again.

"My parts that I have never been heard in here are in 'Semiramis,' 'Othello,' and 'Mephistopheles.' 'Lohengrin' is the only one of Wagner's operas I have sung in, although his music has a fascination for me. But to sing in all his works would cost me my voice. He has absolutely no mercy upon the voice. If he would assign to the singer a dramatic declamation with an orchestral accompaniment, it would be magnificent and not destructive to the voice. But to sing with Wagner's overpowering accompaniments is too much for the vocal cords. I should as soon think of trying to sing with an accompaniment of street-car bells and steam whistles as with some of Wagner's music.

"In my concerts I shall sing a good deal of sacred music—'Angels Ever Bright and Fair,' and pieces of that character. Then I shall recall old times here with the 'Mignon' romance, 'Connais tu le pays,' and with the 'Jewel song' in 'Faust.' The tenor of the company, Mr. Bjorksten, has a voice which will win immediate favor; it is not a strong voice, but is full of sweetness and pathos. I shall sing with him in duets from 'Il Trovatore' and 'The Huguenots.' I am still of the opinion that no finer dramatic music exists than in 'The Huguenots,' 'L'Africaine,' and 'Robert le Diable.'

"I am surprised that you have no National Opera House here yet. You allow all your best singers to go to Europe. There is no lack of voices here. If you could tempt Neumann over here to organize an opera company upon the thoro German method! There is nothing I should enjoy more than singing with such a company."

They Both Agreed as to Color.

Burlington Hawkeye.

An old gentleman with a nose as fiery red as a comet, came into Mr. Mahlstick's studio the other day, saying he had a fine collection of water colors, mostly marine pieces, to dispose of, and he wanted Mahlstick to come and look at them. The artist was all the time looking at his visitor's nose. "By Jove," he said, "that is no water color!" "Young man," solemnly replied the caller, "you're right, it's distemper."

Accounted For.

Philadelphia News.

A foreign writer notices that "Americans as a race have well-developed noses." This may be accounted for from the fact that in all large American cities the noses of residents get a good deal of exercise.

To Promulgate the Truth.

The way to get a thing believed by the public at large is to first have a truth to announce without any doubt or suspicion as to its being the truth, and then to keep on telling by speech and pen, by type and figure, in every way, repeating it constantly. This it was that when The Louisiana State Lottery Company was incorporated in 1868 at New Orleans, for charitable and educational purposes, there was a doubt that the managers would act as fairly as they announced, but the fact that Generals G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia, have the sole supervision of the drawings removes this suspicion, and it has been proven up to the 150th monthly drawing on November 14th, that millions have been distributed to parties applying to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., in sums ranging as high as $100,000, and so on down. Tickets cost $5, but fifths are sold at $1 each, and the certainty of the event is supplemented by the knowledge that some one will get $75,000, or fractional parts thereof.

LIBBY PRISON'S TUNNEL

How Sixty-one Union Soldiers Escaped from the Famous Dungeon.

Hours of Suspense Followed by Welcome Breaths of Fresh Air—A Break for Liberty—An Account of the Trying Experiences of Three Unfortunate Fugitives.

BY FRANK E. MORAN,

Formerly Captain of Company H, Seventy-third New York Volunteers.

Philadelphia Times.

The bold plan of escaping from Libby by digging a tunnel was conceived by Col. Thomas E. Rose, of the 77th Pennsylvania Regiment, in November, 1863, and he was the director and supervisor of this perilous and ingenious work throughout. He was a brainy, cool and intrepid man, whom nature had coined for just such a daring enterprise, possessing in an eminent degree the cardinal qualities of a true soldier, and in the face of whatever danger or impediment was ever patient, discreet and dauntless.

FOURTEEN PICKED MEN.

At the time of the escape there were not less than a thousand Union officers confined in Libby, and Rose selected from among them 14 men, sworn to secrecy, as the working party. Absolute secrecy was wisely considered essential to success, as the Confederates frequently sent spies among us disguised as Union prisoners, in order to get information of any contemplated escape. The work of the tunnelers occupied the greater part of four months, day and night, the implements used being a common table knife, a broken trowel and a small wooden spittoon, with a blanket rope attached. The dirt was hidden under straw in the east cellar, from which the hole, about two feet in diameter, began. The tunnel passing under the sentinel's feet crossed a vacant lot and terminated at the surface in a stable yard, about 70 feet outside the prison wall.

FAILURES AT FIRST MET WITH.

The men were baffled in their first beginning of a hole by a large rock and with foundation timbers. Again it was attempted to effect an opening into the main sewer on the canal side of the prison, but after a prodigious labor of many days and nights water began to pour in, finally coming with a rush that threatened to drown the tunnelers and reveal the plot. After plugging it with great efforts this tunnel was reluctantly given up—a severe misfortune—for this tunnel, so much more roomy than the one through which the escape was finally made, would have emptied the prison in three hours.

THE SUCCESSFUL TUNNEL BEGAN.

The last and successful tunnel was dug several feet above the bed of the cellar in the east wall. To effect an opening through the thick foundation wall was a work worthy of the proverbial patience of beavers, considering the feeble implements at hand. The tunnelers gained access to the cellar at night by removing several bricks from the fireplace in the kitchen, or middle room, of the ground floor and penetrating under the floor joists. These bricks were replaced when the working detail had descended and all trace of the opening was removed by covering the replaced bricks by soot. At least two men were continually at the work, remaining until relieved the following night. The prisoners up stairs were carefully counted twice each day by the Confederates, and to make the count appear correct, two of the working party, by an ingenious fraud managed to be counted twice while the absentees were boring for life and liberty.

THE NIGHT OF THE ESCAPE.

I had been a prisoner in Libby for over six months, and had mingled freely among my fellow captives in each of the rooms, yet so well had Rose and his little party kept their secret that it was not until I had lain down to sleep on the night of February 8, 1864—when the escape took place—that I learned of the existence of the tunnel. Then the startling information was given me by my friend, Col. Aaron K. Dunkel (the present Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania), who slept beside me in the "Gettysburg room." It was after "taps;" the tallow dips firmly set in a petrified loaf of Confederate corn bread that had, it was said, belonged to a Union prisoner who died in 1861, and which was facetiously designated the "chandelier," had long since been extinguished and the floor of each of the large rooms (100 feet by 45) were covered by the prostrate forms of hundreds of the prisoners. Indeed, except one or two standing groups of prisoners in whispered conversation near the upper east room wind

...swers to Correspondents

...obliged to remind our readers that there ...many classes of questions which we cannot ...answer, viz.:

...have not accompanied by the name of the ...; the name is not required for publication, ...as evidence of good faith. All letters ...complying with this rule find their way at once ...to the basket.

...technical problems and questions in gram... ...literature. We are willing to give all ...our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the ...same, but we have not the type necessary for ...mathematical problems and solutions.

...which in the judgment of the editor ...are proper in the columns of the ...family weekly, and of interest to the ...bulk of our readers, will be always ...welcome. We discriminate in making selec... ...solely in the interest of the general interest.

...We decline to be the standing or referability of in... ...firms or corporations doing a general ...business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valua... ...to be given indiscriminately, and it is not ...possible for us to devote the time necessary ...to the unveiling of an individual or a firm ...in every part of the country."

...Many inquiries are not answered ...because we would do well to repeat ...and will fail to receive an answer they ...think that the questions remain un... ...for want of sufficient reason. ...Correspondents that subscribers will keep all ...letters for the business and editorial de... ...partments entirely separate and also ...that exclusively separate and also ...that exclusively separate and also ...that exclusively

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

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JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

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THE military force of Japan consists of 43,705 regulars, 58,415 militia and reserves.

IT is charged that the Democratic candidate for Clerk in New York City cannot write his own name.

LONDON *World* says that in Prussia everybody who wears a uniform is unbearably arrogant and rude.

A BOSTON girl in London bids fair to rival Mrs. LANGTRY as a professional beauty. So says the London gossip.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* thinks that in leaving the country Mrs. SCOVILLE set a good example to the old man SCOVILLE.

NEW ORLEANS *Picayune:* People tremble at thoughts of death because coming events cast their shudders before.

IF the "Jeannette" inquiry reveals the truth as to harmony and unanimity in the Navy it is a wonder that any expedition ever succeeds.

THE excitement at Ashland has calmed down until the tenor of the blame on the troops is for firing more than one volley. Three men have died so far.

SOME of the English papers object to placing the bust of LONGFELLOW in Westminster Abbey, upon the ground that his poetical gifts did not entitle him to such a place.

CHICAGO *Tribune:* Mr. TENNYSON'S new play is said by a London paper to be "an idyl of country life," but in which scene the mosquitos carry off the Summer boarder is not stated.

MANIFOLD are the uses to which paper can be put, but one of the latest is a watch made in Dresden which keeps excellent time, and will wear as well as those in ordinary use.

NEW YORK *Herald:* Married commercial drummers have opened the elopement season in the West with a great deal of enthusiasm. Ohio is somewhat ahead of Indiana so far in the season.

A GENTLEMAN writing to the *St. James' Gazette* from a certain American inebriate asylum finds that a very large proportion of the inmates received for treatment for chloral eating are themselves medical men.

THE *Athenæum* pronounces "Much Ado About Nothing" the most successful of Mr. IRVING'S Shakspearian revivals, its spectacular effects being quite equal to those produced in "The Merchant of Venice" or "Romeo and Juliet."

IT is claimed that ex-Gov. E. D. MORGAN has the fourth fortune in the country, the other three being those, in the order of their size, of W. H. VANDERBILT, JAY GOULD, and RUSSELL SAGE. MORGAN'S only heir is a grandchild.

IT is said that fully 500,000 birds are imported into this country in a single month for the use in decorating the hats of women. The demand for the breasts and feathers is enormous. They seem to be prized beyond all other kinds of trimming.

BOSTON *Post:* A South End man has taught his dog when offered sausage, to smell of it and then turn away with a mournful howl, and when he goes into a butcher's shop where there are lots of folks, offers the dog a sausage and the dog does act, it is awfully embarrassing to the butcher, and, if he gets a chance, he kicks the dog.

WOLSELEY is not modest. He has chosen as his title, "Lord WOLSELEY, of Egypt." This is the first time a rewarded military commander has undertook to spread himself over the whole of a conquered country. WELLESLEY was content to be called the Duke of Wellington, and Sir ROBERT NAPIER called himself "Lord NAPIER, of Magdala."

THE Court of Appeals of New York has decided that a married woman cannot sue her husband for assault because such a suit would be "contrary to the policy of the law and destructive of that conjugal union and tranquillity which it has always been the object of the law to guard and protect." Here is matter enough for our Woman Suffragists for the rest of the season.

THOUGH old and toothless "Gummy" BLAIR has lost none of his political cunning. He is running on the Democratic ticket for Congress in Maryland, where the Republicans—with a large negro vote—are in a majority. He is having circulated in large numbers a lithographic of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, in which he appears in the foreground, and as the leading spirit of the occasion. This, he is certain, will capture the blacks.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book. The Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., want an agent in every Township to sell "Nasby in Exile." It is the best selling book in the country, and agents are making from $5.00 to $15.00 per day. An outfit costs but $1.00. Secure territory while you can get it. Now is the time to sell books.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE last week of the campaign has been very earnest in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts and Tennessee, where local interests and personal contests have combined to make it lively, but beyond these, but little noise of the conflict is heard. It is not safe to predict within a few hours of the result being known, but we feel we hazard little in predicting Democratic victories in New York and Pennsylvania, and probably also in Indiana, though this is less certain. A Republican victory in Tennessee is also among the probabilities, and a gain of Republican Congressmen all through the South, to partially compensate for the loss in the North. The election is full of surprises which are developing now.

GOV. HOYT, of Pennsylvania, denies in the most emphatic manner the charge made against him by the Stalwarts that he used State funds for speculative purposes and had to appeal to Sen. CAMERON for assistance. He says he was never connected with any pool engaged in stock speculation, never requested either personally or through an agent any financial assistance for himself or any one else from CAMERON, and never had any relation or business connection with any party, combination or pool to whom CAMERON ever advanced money directly or indirectly. He says that so far in his life he has never been compelled to draw on either the intellectual, moral, or financial resources of Mr. CAMERON, and characterizes the latest roorback as a part of the discipline of extermination to which the Stalwarts intend to treat every man who has the courage to express his convictions. Gov. HOYT has appointed Col. FRANCIS JORDAN, of Harrisburg, Secretary of State, vice QUAY, resigned.

THE Egyptian Ministry has finally decided to employ English counsel for the Government in the trial of the rebel leaders. An English barrister residing in Alexandria has been summoned to Cairo for that purpose. Meanwhile ARABI is kept closely confined and is said to be suffering severely both physically and mentally. The feeling grows stronger every day that he was not responsible for the massacre in Alexandria, and there is a general demand in England that he shall not be executed.

THE False Prophet of the Soudan is now creating considerable excitement in the East. Black troops are being enrolled in Egypt for service against him, and some am nestied officers who fought under ARABI Pasha have expressed a desire to serve the Khedive in the Soudan. BAKER Pasha and the Ministers of War entertain their offer favorably. Several German officers will join the expedition. Dr. SCHWEINFURTH thinks the operations in Soudan will last 18 months.

THE first election under the new law took place in Italy last Sunday. The right of franchise has been considerably extended, and the result gave a victory to the Radicals, who have now a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. Italy is moving with certainty towards a Republican Government.

THE troubles in France have so far been kept under control, altho they are now found to be of a much more serious nature than was at first supposed. It is the outcome of a secret but extensive diffusion of Nihilistic principles by an Association of Anarchists. The soldiers do not seem to be affected by them in any way.

SCOTCH engineers have demonstrated that throwing oil upon the troubled waters is more than a mere figure of speech. The latest test of it practical value was made at Aberdeen Harbor a fortnight ago. In consequence of a gale from the southeast the water at the entrance of the harbor was very rough. A large quantity of oil—about 70 gallons—was pumped through valves which had been placed across the channel, and the effect was very marked; the waves, on reaching the belts of oil, losing much of their formidable character and assuming the form of smooth and comparatively harmless rollers.

KENTUCKY lawyers have devised a new scheme for shielding murderers from justice, which has the merit of ingenuity. "Col." TOM BUFORD, a cowardly rascal who lay in wait with a double-barreled shotgun for a Judge who had rendered an adverse decision, and slew him without warning, was sent to an insane asylum near Louisville. He took a notion the other day to have a walk, and continued it until he stept off the ferry-boat into Indiana. Now the lawyers say that there is no law to bring an insane man back on a requisition.

LONDON *Saturday Review:* "The total abstainers are weary of the weapon that has done them such yeoman service. They now value persuasion only as a means of swelling the cry for compulsion. Legislation has become such a craze with them that we doubt whether if they were given the choice between making the whole country sober of its own free choice and making it sober by act of Parliament they would not choose the latter."

THE New York *World* is said to be in a rapid decline. It had a circulation of about 10,000 when JAY GOULD bought it. This doubled and trebled instantly, under the expectation of "the Street" that it would be made GOULD'S official organ. When this expectation was disappointed, the circulation fell off until the paper's vitality is thought to be seriously impaired.

THEY are laughing at a New York society woman who worked for a week to get HERBERT SPENCER to come to her reception, under the impression that he was an English nobleman or millionaire. She was the "victim of nervous prostration" when she found out he was only a thinker and writer.

SARATOGA *Letter:* When I think what throes the average woman suffers in the process of robing and disrobing, I marvel at their endurance. They yield to the strain at last. I am convinced that a number of cases of nervous prostration are ascribable to the the long-continued agony of dressing.

VALENTINE, the varnish man, is one of the most liberal patrons of literature in the country. He furnishes the money to keep the *Atlantic Monthly* going, he owns the *Christian Union*, and is liberal in his aid to any literary enterprise that meets his fancy.

BURLINGTON *Hawkeye:*

The brilliant hued leaves of the Autumn,
On hillside and valley she sought 'em;
The bright poison oak
With rapture she broke,
And now—you just bet that she's got 'em.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AT $1.

It has been decided to accompany the great increase of our facilities, afforded by our new Scott Web Perfecting Press, by a most important reduction of the price of the WEEKLY BLADE. In the future this will be furnished at the unprecedentedly low price of $1 a year. This is a more important reduction in price than has been made in any other staple of domestic life in this country. We say "staple of domestic life" advisedly, for in at least 100,000 homes in this country the BLADE is regarded as as much of a necessity as tea and coffee and the almanac. But a few years ago 40,000 people thought the BLADE—though not nearly so good a paper as at present—well worth $2 a year. A little later from 50,000 to 60,000 thought it cheap at $1.50. For the last few years an average of 100,000 people have thought it a splendid investment at $1.25.

It has been decided to reduce the price to an even dollar, with no reductions or commissions, except an extra copy to every one who shall send us a club of 10. This reduction has been a matter of earnest consideration for a long time. A dollar and a quarter is an awkward figure, but the extra quarter represented about all the profit there was over and above the absolute cost of paper, ink, typesetting, postage and other expenses, to pay interest on the investment. To throw off the quarter was to reduce the income of the office about $25,000 a year, which was certainly enough to make the boldest business man pause. But from the continued increase of favor with which the BLADE meets we are sanguine that a decrease of the price to the even dollar will result in doubling the present enormous circulation within a year, and that we shall close 1883 with 200,000 subscribers upon our mailing sheets.

The reason for this faith is very simple and easily understood: The BLADE is today furnishing more and better matter for $1 a year than any other paper in the world is at any price. Its 64 large, wide, compactly set columns contain an amount of reading that no other paper pretends to offer the public at that price. As to the quality of that matter we have the best of testimonials—success, which means the appreciation of the greatest number. For the past two years an average of 100,000 people have been paying $1.25 a year for the BLADE, where but 10,000 have taken the New York *Herald*, and not to exceed 50,000 each have taken the *World* and *Sun*, all of which have been offered at $1 a year apiece. When we put the price down the same as their's there is no doubt as to the result.

In saying that in furnishing the BLADE at $1 a year we are giving more for the money than was ever attempted before, we are remindful of the fact that a dollar-a-year paper is no novelty. Even before the war there were some small papers offered at that. But until recently the subscribers have had to pay their own postage, which was at 26 cents a year on weekly papers. Now the postage is paid at the publishing office, and the subscription price represents the whole cost to the subscriber. *Never before has it been within the power of any one to have an immense eight-page paper, cut, pasted and folded like a pamphlet, handed to him every week at the insignificant cost of less than two 2 cents a week.*

FUN AND PEANUTS.

New York and Philadelphia are congratulating the latter upon the fact that she devoted herself a whole week to having a good time when everybody took a holiday, and they did it without firing pistols and sending off fire crackers and other instruments of destruction or getting drunk. It was, in fact, a wonderful week for plain, staid, matter-of-fact old Philadelphia, which is usually so devoted to trade that fun and sentiment are at a discount. The New York *Tribune* hails it as an indication of a healthy tendency of the people to make life something beside a universal grind, and says that this is not confined to the Quaker City alone but is a national feeling.

According to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, one thing was made evident, and that was the universal love of peanuts. The consumers were as numerous as the sands upon the sea shore. At every corner the peanut venders plied their trade, and could hardly supply their customers. The sidewalks were a vast wilderness of peanut shells. Almost it seemed as if citizens and visitors had gone peanut mad, so general and persistent was the munching. If it had gone on much longer the result must have been a rise in the price of peanuts all over the United States.

This peanut eating fever was only one way of having a good time. When Americans take a holiday they always eat from dewy morn till starry eve. Bereft of their usual occupations, to fill the stomach seems to be the best and most entertaining mode of passing the hours away. In this case another tendency came to the surface and that was, imitation. A few began to eat peanuts and forthwith the many were hungry for the same thing. That one class of people were satisfied with the five days' celebration is certain. The peanut sellers had fun and made money—a happy combination.

The word fun brings back the original thought, that of the change in the manner of life. Years ago there was a more serious way of looking at things, and real holidays were rare. If taken, they had usually a religious cast, for the Puritan tendency had not disappeared. Even public evening entertainments ran more to the tragic than the comic. The opposite is true in these later days. What is most provocative of laughter is the most popular. It is a good thing, for otherwise there would be little to counteract the nervous excitement, the bustling anxiety and hurry in which the larger part of the nation lives. Everything that lessens the strain of daily life, be it an evening's entertainment of fun, or a week of holidays in which gaiety and peanuts rule, is heartily welcome.

SECOND HAND TYPE FOR SALE.

The type on which we printed the BLADE was in use less than six months. While it was not in proper condition to cast stereotype plates from, as is required by our new press, it is plenty good enough for small printing offices. We have on hand in "standing matter," some 4,000 to 5,000 pounds of brevier, minion, nonpariel and agate type, which we will sell in lots of not less than 100 pounds, boxed and shipped by express at the following very low prices: Brevier, 20 cents; minion, 24 cents; nonpariel, 28 cents; agate, 30 cents. Cash must accompany the order.

BOSTON *Post:* A Vermont debating society will tackle the question, "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or a woman try to drive a nail?"

THE ASHLAND SLAUGHTER.

Despite the violent attempts to prejudice public opinion against the Kentucky militia, and to excuse the action of the Boyd County mob by making it appear that the people slain were causelessly murdered, the truth is beginning to make itself evident, and the more that is known of the unhappy affair the greater is the justification of the officer in command of the troops.

The facts are these:

As soon as it was known that the murderers were to be removed to another County on a change of *venue*, the greatest excitement pervaded the people of Boyd County, and an immense and very determined mob seized a railroad train at Ashland, which is six miles from Catlettsburg, the County seat, and went thither, with the avowed intention of preventing the removal of the murderers. The fact that the mob had sufficient coherence and definiteness of design to seize a railroad, and set the ordinary authorities at defiance for a couple of days, gave it a very dangerous look from the outset. No officer in command of troops would have been justified in treating such a display of force as anything but very formidable. Arriving at Catlettsburg, the mob demonstrated with the same compact and effective belligerency. It was resolute and well-handled, and it would have been impossible to take the prisoners away by land, as was first contemplated, for the mob could, under anything like equal terms, have overpowered even so considerable a body as 250 militia infantry. The mob leaders made a formal demand upon the commandant of the troops for the prisoners, which was rejected with proper soldierly peremptoriness. By the exercise of great skill and judgment the prisoners were gotten aboard of a steamboat, without any collision, and the boat was started on her way down stream. The mob followed in the captured train. The railroad from Catlettsburg to Ashland follows the bank of the river, and as the average width of the Ohio in that neighborhood, is less than half a mile, and as the low water makes the channel unusually narrow and tortuous, the boat was kept in pretty fair range of the mob's arms the whole distance. The soldiers seem to have been kept so well in hand that they did not respond to any of the shots fired at them in going this distance.

At Ashland the mob became still more aggressive. It seized the ferryboat and boldly steamed out to the attack of the steamer. Evidently if the uniform which the soldiers wore meant anything then was the time to show it. If the arms which the State had put into their hands were intended for anything beyond mere holiday parading, then was the time to use them. The Major in command, who seems to have handled his men in a very soldierly way throughout the whole trying time, judged, as we think rightly, that the time for action had arrived, and gave the order to fire. He did not do this until several of his men had been badly wounded. Two or three sharp volleys took all the fight out of the mob, and the boat was allowed to go on its way without further molestation.

The whole affair is creditable to the Kentcky militia. They showed discipline and self-control rather unusual in militia, and the number they had wounded, as well as the shot marks on their boat, showed that all the limits of soldierly forbearance were exhausted before they returned the fire. When they did fire they made it a "settler." There was no foolishness of blank cartridges, or firing over the mob's heads.

There is the usual clamor about "killing innocent persons." It is time that a full stop be put to this sort of nonsense. About the last place in the world for an "innocent person" to be is with a mob that is attacking a body of soldiers. Every person who stood on the levee at Ashland knew as well as he knew the sun was shining, that a fight was imminent—that some thousands of rioters with deadly weapons in their hands were about to assail some hundreds of troops with deadly weapons in their hands. If he did not want to get hurt he ough' to have gotten out of the way. His presence there made him a part of the mob, and as responsible as any one for its acts. If there was any one hurt, who was of such weak intellect as not to know that soldiers will fire back when fired upon he is entitled to some sympathy, perhaps, but no one else is. It is ridiculous to talk of "innocent men" who have chased soldiers from Town to Town with rifles and revolvers.

THE ITALIAN ELECTION.

The recent election in Italy is extremely interesting as showing the progress there of ideas looking to extended suffrage, so that the people may have a representation in the government. The result of the extension of the franchise was such as to seriously alarm the friends of the Savoyard dynasty, and it is likely that any further steps in that direction will have to be made in the face of their most violent opposition.

The election last Sunday, improved in its conditions though it was over the past, was still extremely limited. The new law did not permit the large class of working people to vote. It excluded all who did not possess a certain amount of property and those who could not read and write. The property qualification is still so large that not more than one-fourth of the male population are given the ballot, but this is a great advance upon the law of 1870 when the aggregate number of those entitled to vote was not quite two per cent. of the whole population, and of these not quite one-half voted at the next election. From less than 700,000 electors, the number has arisen by the operation of the new law to 1,500,000. It is a significant fact that the Radicals were strong enough to secure a majority in the Parliament, and therefore the DEPRETIS Ministry will receive strong support.

It is said that the great success of the Radicals in Northern and Central Italy was due to the fact that the Royalists were divided among themselves, there being two tickets in the field upon their side. However that may be, the result was to put into the Chamber of Deputies a large number of Radical members, and this gives promise of a larger growth of Republican ideas, and a strengthening of the minority in the Chamber who are desirous of changing the monarchy into a Republic.

NASBY IN EXILE.

All out of employment should at once secure territory for Mr. LOCKE'S new book, and commence the canvass at once. It is a most prosperous season, and the most inexperienced agent can sell over 100 copies before the Holidays. Send to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, for particulars.

GOV. HOYT'S LETTER.

Were there less evidence of personal feeling in Gov. HOYT'S letter it would be much more satisfactory as a protest from a high source against the curse of Bossism. Heretofore Gov. HOYT has been regarded as one of the oldest as well as the most faithful Lieutenants of the CAMERONS. He has worked as faithfully with and for them as any of their retainers—perhaps more so, or they would not have given him the best office within their gift, the Governorship. His disaffection from them is a matter of recent growth. He was first heard of in the campaign as a supporter of Gen. BEAVER, who heads the Cameronian ticket. Next he was neutral and indifferent. Then both factions claimed him, and even so late as last week the Harrisburg *Telegraph* stated positively that he would support Gen. BEAVER. Immediately upon the heels of this comes this astonishing letter:

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 3.—To Wharton Barker, esq., Philadelphia—Sir: Adhering to the accepted traditions of our people I must decline, while holding a public office essentially non-partisan, to take any part in a distinctive political meeting. This point of propriety, which need not be urged, will forbid my acceptance of your invitation to preside over the assembly of Independent Republicans at Horticultural Hall at Philadelphia to-night. If I understand the object of this gathering of careful and judicious citizens, it is to give effect to certain convictions affecting the political welfare of the State. It is the assertion of the inherent right of the freemen of a republic to declare the proper aims and ends of public conduct, and to proclaim their own motives and purposes. This right inheres in every individual and in every assembly. A political party is a voluntary association, and in no sense does its right to exist depend upon its numerical size or upon the accident of its including the mere brute force of "a majority." When standing-room is no longer allowed to the members of a political party with a margin for self-respect; when its lines become simply coterminous with the limits of some usurping dynasty; when in all the space between abject submission and rebellion no place is given for appeal, argument or protest, revolution is an appropriate remedy. All proud and generous minds will resist the imposition of serfdom, and will leave to villains and retainers their badge of servitude to the intruding feudal system. Any characterization of those engaged in this movement which flippantly classes them as "soreheads," and "kickers," mistakes the voting powers of Pennsylvania manhood. There is an undeniable justification for your uprising. Its grounds are open and plain to the people, whether accepted or not. This the tens of thousands of the better-instructed, most conscientious, and spirited citizens, who have joined in this method of uprooting palpable public wrongs attest. Other tens of thousands of such citizens sympathize with you, and only doubt whether your heroic surgery is the best treatment. For myself, I had not seen my way clear to act with you. I had expected to drift along, giving the Republican ticket a formal support, and have done so. I have to friends here maintained that attitude until now. At this late day I am fully advised of the methods of vengeance being contrived for those now considered in revolt. Some of these rebels—nay, most of them—are among the most courageous spirits in the State. They know the humiliation it costs proud men to have masters—to have their moral power crushed out in repeated calls to surrender to the gross demands of those who only see in party success the means of patronage distribution, and that made in the interest of personal power. When I reflect upon the humiliation put upon myself as Chief Magistrate for resisting some of the purposes of the machine which puts politics above administrative propriety, and when I reflect upon the force of the insulting methods applied to myself by means of threats, intrigue and bad faith, I realize some of Cardinal Wolsey's regrets that he had only served his God with half the zeal he had served his King.

In the name of decency and in behalf of my successor I wish to emphasize the curse of the whole business, and sound a note of warning to the whole people. Self-respect compels me to this avowal. Nor will peace and reform ever come until the moral forces in politics which you have organized prevail. If their courage be added to their convictions, the masses of voters will promptly rally to your standard, and aid you in an overflowing success. And such is the duty of the voters of Pennsylvania. The logic of the situation which confronts you, and which confronts the electors of the State, demands a speedy decision and final result. With such a triumphant outcome the Republican voters at least will have rescued their party from present peril and from future outrages, thus no revenges will be left outstanding, for no revenges will be possible.

Brutal schemes of slaughter now contemplated will be abandoned, and the factional stiletto and the guillotine now prepared for "bolters" and "rebels" will not be put to their intended use.

In the future the halls of the Lochiel House at Harrisburg will no longer resound with the tread of claquers hastily sent to summon self-respecting and honorable delegates of the people to a base submission to "stated" tickets and prearranged programs, threatened with ostracism in case of non-compliance, or sent home dishonored to face the angry constituents whom they have betrayed.

With your ultimate success will have been made an exhibition of moral courage in our State, and the reaping of beneficial results from peaceful methods which shall more grandly than ever demonstrate the capacity of the people for self-government.

In making this declaration I have no disposition to disavow any share I individually may have had in the partisan method against which the Independent movement is not only a revolt, but a revolution. I am simply conscious that I utter thoughts and feelings which stir to their depths the minds and hearts of thousands in this great Commonwealth. HENRY M. HOYT.

The statement of the humiliations which a proud spirited man must endure in submitting to the despotism of the Bosses is admirable. Doubtless out of the bitterness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

The Republican party is not an army, and army methods are intolerable. It is not even a joint stock combination, where those holding the heaviest blows of stock have the right to compel others to conform to their ideas of policy. It is simply an association of several millions of gentlemen entertaining similar ideas as to the conduct of the Government, and the law-making needs of the country.

The bond that holds these men together is of a nature that the ordinary Boss is incapable of comprehending. He imagines that thirst for office is the only cohesive force, and that everybody can be whipt into ranks and brought to the polls by the near or remote expectation of a place. It is this attempted degradation of the Republican party from its high plane of an organization of disinterested men earnestly striving for the realization of some abstract conception of public good, to the low level of a band of hungry office grabbers, that forms the Chief indictment against Bossism. The 4,500,000 Republicans who voted for GARFIELD in 1880 were impelled to do so through an earnest desire to have certain ideas prevail in the administration of the Government. Bossism acts on the assumption that they were only anxious that JOHN SMITH here, and PETE BROWN there—CONKLING, in New York, CAMERON, in Pennsylvania, and LOGAN, in Illinois, should have offices. This is exceedingly impudent from the outset, and humiliating to the millions of thinking men who do not propose to walk in the train of any self-crowned Boss.

We wish that Gov. HOYT had made his protest earlier in the campaign, and calmer in tone. Its moral effect would have been greater if there was entire freedom from the suspicion that personal reasons—possibly the balking of ambitious designs, were the final impelling cause which led the Governor to break on the eve of battle with those to whom he has been henchman so long.

THE new Hawaaian silver coinage is made the same as the American, with the exception of 12½ cent pieces, of which the Kanakas are very fond.

FRENCH TROUBLES.

Some things have happened in Paris lately which, in view of the troubles in Lyons, are considered by many significant and a cause for alarm. One occurrence is the posting of placards in the Faubourg St. Antoine, telling in the most minute manner how houses could be burned down or blown up, and an intimation that in this way the people could punish their landlords for their extortions. The rents are exceedingly high, are collected quarterly and, if not paid promptly, in the case of the poorer classes of the people the example of Irish landlords is followed. These placards, it is said, show that they are the work of educated persons, and therefore are the more to be dreaded, because they seem to speak of a deeper scheme and more far reaching than the effervescence of the anger of the poverty stricken class.

It is possible that France as a Republic, is only seeing the beginning of troubles that will seriously threaten the existence of the present form of government. Her people have not yet outgrown the traditions of monarchy, even though desiring a republic, while there is a strong party of turbulent spirits, who are Royalists and watch every opportunity to make trouble. It is easy, when things go wrong, to find the cause in any great change of conditions, so that Parisians oppressed by their landlords fall a ready prey to the wiles of the Revolutionists. And this is the key to the demonstration in the Faubourg St. Antoine, which the Paris correspondent of the London *Standard* says he fears is a more serious movement than the authorities imagine.

We have faith in France, however, that she will come out all right, even though the anarchists cause serious disturbances. The progress she has made in promoting popular education, in doing away with priestly control of her schools, in giving freedom to the press, and in various ways showing a desire for advancement, is a guaranty for the future. She may have much to pass through before she has a united people satisfied with a republican government, but the latter will be triumphant at last. There will be no permanent step backward.

ATMOSPHERES OF THE MOON.

Astronomers have recently in their observations of the moon made some startling discoveries which go to prove that that luminary is surrounded with an atmosphere. The appearances which justify this supposition have not been noticed by one astronomer alone but by several. If this is the case, it is by no means an impossible thing that there is life of some kind there, altho it may be very different from that upon our own planet.

The discovery which has attracted the most attention recently was that of Mr. STANLEY WILLIAMS, an English observer. He was looking at the moon through a powerful telescope, one evening last Spring, when he saw a strange appearance in the valley of Pluto, as it is called by astronomers. The valley is oval-shaped, about 60 miles broad, and surrounded by mountains whose peaks run up to a hight equal to esom of the loftiest mountains upon the earth. When the sunlight shoots over these hights, they are usually thrown out into bold relief, while the valley remains in darkness, but at this time Mr. WILLIAMS was surprised to see the latter illuminated, showing the floor dimly and yet unmistakably. Floating clouds in our own atmosphere shut out the sight, and when they passed away the luminous light was gone.

Later this observation was supplemented by others, going to prove the supposition of the existence of an atmosphere. Feathery looking clouds were seen near the edge of the disk, and one well known astronomer, Mr. TROUVELAT, says that he has frequently seen lunar landscapes lose their distinctness as if thin clouds were floating over them, and once he saw what seemed to be vapor tinged with purple. A party of French and English astronomers in Egypt this Summer also noticed during the eclipse of the sun, certain strong lines on the spectrum which indicated an atmosphere.

Concerning these appearances and the deductions drawn from them the New York *Sun* says:

Curious observations of a similar nature can be found scattered here and there in astronomical records reaching back more than a century, but they have generally been looked upon with distrust or totally disregarded. These recent observations give them renewed interest and tend to vindicate their correctness. If it can be shown that the moon has an atmosphere, Sir William Herschel's idea that our satellite is inhabitable will not be deemed so ridiculous as it has seemed to modern astronomers. We should not expect to obtain any confirmation of the observations of the German telescopist who believed he had discovered a big city and great military works in the moon, but reasons might be shown for thinking that the moon supports life peculiar to itself. The mere possibility of such a thing is somewhat startling, for the moon is really a very near neighbor to the earth. Few, perhaps, realize how close we are to another world besides the earth, but it is a very narrow span of space that separates us from the moon. The mean distance is only 240,000 miles or less than 10 times the circuit of the earth and only about 80 times as far as from here to San Francisco. Not a few sea captains have probably sailed as far as the distance from the earth to the moon. And yet so close at hand as this, there is a world differing so widely from the one we dwell upon that we can only admit the possibility of its being inhabited by assuming that its inhabitants are as unlike ourselves as their world is unlike ours.

THE COMING "FIGHT."

The projected "fight" between TOM ALLEN and SULLIVAN is to be another of those conspiracies of "sporting" swindlers to capture the money of the vast herd of "softies," who have a weak ambition to be thought connoisseurs of sporting matters. Ten years ago TOM ALLEN was undoubtedly the finest pugilist in the world. He had a series of very brilliant successes, both in England and America. He whipt every man that confronted him. There was never any doubt that he whipt MIKE MCCOOLE, but the St. Louis thugs who had backed their townsman with all their wealth, broke up the fight, and forced a decision against ALLEN. But all that was 11 or 12 years ago, and 11 or 12 years—such years as a prize-fighter passes after he attains reputation—eat out his stamina very rapidly. If the real truth were allowed to be known, it would be doubtless that all the vigor and endurance has been burnt out of ALLEN. If the fight comes off it will be as clean a steal from the dupes who are induced to bet upon it, as was the Ryan-Sullivan swindle, or the great "snap" a few years ago, when the burned-out BARNEY AARON was adroitly coached up and palmed off on the gullible clerks and immature youths of the country, as a man to meet and whip MCCOOLE. But then men who bet on prize-fights and horse-races belong to that class who are easily parted from their money, and sympathy is wasted upon them.

THE "JEANNETTE."

As the official examination into the causes of the "Jeannette" disaster has progressed it has been made more certain to the interested public that the ship was not such as should have been sent upon an errand into the dangerous ice-bound regions of the extreme North, and that it was not officered properly, neither did the commander have the perfect confidence of those who were associated with him. He acted upon his own responsibility and against their judgment, with the results already known and sadly deplored. His own life was lost—added to the long list of those who have met the same fate when bent upon the same hopeless errand.

It is not a pleasant thing to think of in any light. The disaster was the result of an error of judgment from beginning to end. The ship was well provisioned, and did not give away until subjected to an enormous pressure, but the opinion of the best judges is, that it was not shaped to resist the forces likely to be brought to bear upon it. This fact, united with the mistaken ideas of the commander, were sufficient to bring it to destruction.

If this would only be a warning for the future, it need not be so much regretted, but probably the same story will be repeated again and again. The scientific exploration of those far away Northern regions may be a desirable thing, but the benefit to commerce will not amount to as much in a century as the expeditions have cost in 10 years. Yet if men are willing to take their lives in their hands in this way perhaps there is no need to mourn, and the property destroyed is but a drop in the great aggregate of that which becomes nothing in the course of a few years, through the agency of fire, wind and water.

AN OFT-REPEATED LESSON.

Two theaters have burned down in New York City within a week. One of them was where in a few hours the wealth, culture and fashion of the great metropolis would have been assembled; the other was a sporting theater which happened to be closed on account of the death of one of the proprietors, a place of low repute, but still one where human beings were massed together every night of the week for the greater part of the year. In both cases the flames fairly flashed through the buildings. From the time the first alarm was given until they were a mass of ruins, it seemed scrcely the twinkling of an eye, showing the inflammable nature of the materials, and the imminent danger which the slightest accident exposes those who assemble in these places.

Probably these theaters were no more dangerous than the larger proportion of them throughout the country. Not one is made to approach a fire-proof condition as it should be. A great improvement has been made in many of them within a year, notably since the Ring disaster at Vienna, in the way of making better means of exit, and furnishing appliances for extinguishing fires. More remains to be done. Buildings should be constructed for public gatherings the nearest possible approach to being absolutely fire proof, that human ingenuity and knowledge can invent, and the people should demand this to be done. Until they do, and what is more, refuse to gather in a place that is not so protected, they place their lives in jeopardy every time they join a throng for an evening's entertainment.

Of course this will not be done very soon, and equally of course everybody will go to the theater firmly convinced that it will not burn down that time, but all the same, it is the duty of every public journal to call attention to the danger and its remedy whenever there is an opportunity to point the moral.

PERUVIAN AFFAIRS.

Chili and Peru apparently have made little progress towards a settlement of the troubles between them, while affairs in a financial and commercial way grow worse and worse for Peru. It is now stated, however, that peace preliminaries have been finally signed and that GARCIA CALDERON will return and become the head of the new Government. This is not exactly agreeable to PIEROLA and his friends but the desire for peace is so strong that whatever looks the most likely to bring it about will be acquiesced in by all parties.

This movement by CALDERON has probably been accelerated by the step taken by IGLESIAS in the North. The latter published a decree summoning a Congress representing the seven Northern departments which were under his control, to meet and decide in what way the citizens can best govern themselves. He hoped that the Middle and Southern departments would follow the example of the North and that then a general Congress would be held to determine the future of the Republic. This course will not be necessary now that it is about decided that CALDERON shall return and take the reins of Government.

Both Chili and Peru, it is declared, are utterly averse to any intervention upon the part of the United States. It is not much wonder, for thus far anything that has been done has seemed to make matters worse instead of better. From the latest news it seems possible that an early settlement of matters will give Peru a chance to look around and see what she can do for herself to get upon her feet again.

THERE are what seems to be sufficient grounds for the belief that neither GOULD nor VANDERBILT have purchased the Nickel Plate Railroad, but that it has passed into the hands of that omniverous monopoly, the Standard Oil Company. What the direct information upon this subject is we are not at liberty to say at this writing, but we can at least point out some very strong corroborative testimony, which is to be found in the attitude of the Cleveland papers, which, like everybody else about Cleveland are more or less under the thumb of the Standard Oil Company. This company, which has rid itself of all competitors in the oil business, has long been known to meditate a serious invasion of the transportation business. Its immense means, and its manner of using them to carry out its schemes are sufficient to make the prospect of its entrance into the railroad business on a large scale exceedingly discomforting for railroad men. This accounts for much of the feverishness in the stock market at present.

CHEAP STANDARD BOOKS.

We have on hand a few sets of Macaulay's History of England, handsomely bound in cloth, in 5 vols. The regular retail prices of these sets are $8.00, but we will express one to any address on receipt of $8.00, or send postpaid by mail for $8.50. This is an excellent opportunity to obtain good reading for Winter evenings.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Bishop Talbot, of the Episcopal Diocese of Indiana, has decided, in view of his health, to resign his office.——Lawlessness is rampant in the city of Quebec, so much so that newspapers advise residents to be armed to protect their lives and property.——A. C. Sotelo has been acquitted of the murder of his brother, A. M. Sotelo, one of the editorial rooms of the Washington *Republican*.——Yellow Dock accomplished turfmen at Providence by trotting a mile in two minutes 11 seconds.——In some of the public schools at Lima, O., readers have been discarded and Sir Walter Scott's novels have been substituted therefor.——John B. Gough has cancelled all his engagements for the present and returned to his home in Boston for a season of rest.——The Jubilee started, about two weeks ago, for a trip through the West, but contracted a severe cold and became quite ill.——Three hundred and ninety-five Mormon proselytes arrived in New York Friday and were landed at Castle Garden.——A circular has been issued by Treasurer Gilfillan, announcing that mutilated gold certificates will be redeemed upon presentation.——Commissioner Sparks, of the land, replying to questions of a land attorney, says relative to the location of soldiers' homestead rights on non-contiguous lands, that the Land Office does not construe the law so as to require tracts entered to be contiguous. In regard to homesteads, he holds that it is a fundamental principle of the laws that entries be made only for use, occupation and benefit of the homestead party.——In the international half-mile running match between W. G. George, of England, and Lawrence E. Myers, of New York, at the New York Polo Club grounds on Saturday, Myers won; time, 1.57. George's time, 1.57.——An ordinance is before the German Reichsrath prohibiting the importation of lard which can pork or sausage.——Several arrests have been made in Philadelphia for illegal registration. Both Democratic and Republican officers are alleged to have been detected in the perpetration of frauds.——Fire at Sarnia, Ontario, destroyed manufacturing establishments and stocks valued at $300,000.——Women are now eligible to school offices in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Virginia, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Wyoming, and to every office in W

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Coming Contest Bourbonism and its Methods—What Constitutes a Residence in a Southern State—The Danger of Owning a Good House in Washington—Mr. Blaine An Incident in the Columbian Law School—The Bicycle—The Star Route Muddle—The Jeannette Investigation—Clerks—The Trial of Sotelido—The Fair.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.

There has never been an election in this city with as many uncertain quantities in it as that which takes place on Tuesday. Probably the reason is that there is no overshadowing issue. The dread of Rebel rule has diminished as the South has become reconciled to the destruction of slavery, and shown an increasing disposition to live satisfactorily with its former foes. The old feeling manifested to what is known as the Boston element, which grows more and more feeble every year. Indeed one of the curses of the many-sided aspect of the election in the South is the desire to fight Republicans without seeming to train with the Republicans. Everybody seems to have a party of his own, and we shall know the result when the votes are counted.

As to Bourbonism, it is so narrow and selfish that it must necessarily go down before the enlightened sentiment of the country. As an illustration of its spirit is scarcely possible to find one; it has been so often written in persecution and blood, but an example comes to me this week in a Georgia paper of rather a mild type, but not a whit the less characteristic. It seems that Gen. Willard Warner, whose home is in Alabama, near the Georgia line, went over into the neighboring State and made a speech in behalf of Mr. Felton, who is running for Congress on an Independent basis. If he had spoken in the interest of the Bourbon candidate he would have been a gentleman and a scholar and the son of a Revolutionary officer. But having turned his back upon the "fastest families," he was told by one of the crowd that "no importations were wanted" in that District, and was hooted the next day in the Rome *Courier* as "a carpet-bagger" from Ohio. This was an offense that might easily be endured, but none the less an outrage. Gen. Warner is from Licking County, O. He was a gallant officer during the War, and at its close came into business in Alabama. In 1870 he was chosen to the United States Senate from that State, and after serving out the unexpired term for which he was elected engaged largely in the iron business and has been for these many years a leading citizen of Alabama. As President of the Tecumseh Iron Company, he is an important factor in the prosperity of the State, holding some 15,000 acres of land and expending for labor more than $100,000 a year. He long ago parted with all his pecuniary interests in Ohio and has been a working citizen of Alabama for 11 years. But in the eyes of the Bourbons he is a carpet bagger still and can never be a citizen till he votes the Democratic ticket. It would be interesting to get a definite statement of the Bourbon idea of citizenship, and to find out how much or how long a man must spend on business in a southern State to gain a *bona fide* residence. In this enterprising land few men are born where they live and labor, and it ought not to be a stigma to a man that he gives to his adopted State the benefit of his enterprise, skill and his money.

But the Bourbons are not the only politicians who seek to weigh a man down by exciting prejudice against him. I mentioned in one of my letters that Mr. Robeson, of New Jersey, Secretary of the Navy under Gen. Grant and now a member of Congress, was building a handsome house in Washington. That does not seem to be a very criminal act, but the Democrats in his district, who are ever ready to make capital over his pecuniary deficiencies, have sent down here for photographs of his house, which they propose to use for a campaign document. The object is to show that he has grown suddenly rich out of his public employment. This has been a favorite card with politicians, and some of your readers will call to mind the gold spoon story which did so much to defeat Mr. Van Buren. You may notice that Sen. Wisdom in his canvass for re-election to the Senate has suffered in the same way. He, too, has been building a house in Washington, and it has got abroad that it has cost him $117,000, that he earns land in Washington Territory worth $1,000,000, $2,000,000 in Virginia Railroad bonds, $2,000,000 in Government securities, and $2,000,000 in Mexican mines. Of course, all of this immense estate was made out of the margins of his refunding operations, the expenses of which did not exceed $10,000. He has "sat down" on the story rather vigorously, and takes a good deal of the fun out of it when he says he will convey all his property (excepting the house) amounting to $7,000,000 to any one of his opponents for 25 cents. The house is not so expensive as Mr. Blaine's, but it may be worth $40,000.

Mr. Blaine is not assailed as yet, on account of his new house, but he gets talked about in other ways. The *Herald* story that he is about to flank the Stalwarts by a combination with Mr. Logan seems to be less probable than another story that he proposes to go on a Presidential ticket with Sen. Brown of Georgia. There is a tender feeling toward Mr. Blaine in the Southern Democracy, because of his opposition to aid Virginia in disposing of her debt from the United States Treasury, and because of his opposition to Mahonism. There are many of the Bourbons around Washington who do not hesitate to say that Blaine is their candidate. Of course the quiet minds see that "coming events cast their shadows before," and are generously fixing up a slate for him. Brown is a Democratic Senator, but he is a Democrat after the pattern of Alexander Stephens. He tried to be a Republican after the war, but it did not pay and he went back to his old party. It is supposed by some that, in combination with Blaine, the ticket would carry the South and that it would secure States enough in the North to insure its success. But these are only the stories of an "off year." We must wait for the developments of the new Congress.

It is significant, however, that such things are talked about. It shows that the old issues are dying out. I must also mention an incident to the same effect that occurred a few days ago in the Columbian law school of this city. This school is attached to Columbia University, which is Southern in its proclivities; but the students are from the surrounding States, the sons of public officers in the District and come both from the North and the South. Among them is a colored boy from the Ann Arbor University, whose presence at the lectures soon attracted the attention of the Southern bloods, who were not slow in manifesting their indignation. A good deal of loose talk was indulged in, and finally it was resolved to call a meeting of the students and have a committee appointed to wait on the offender and warn him that he must leave. The meeting was called accordingly and met on Monday evening of this week. But it did not "pan out" according to the program. The resolution for raising a committee was almost unanimously voted down, and another substituted which gave the colored student a cordial welcome to all the advantages of the institution.

The bicycle is rapidly growing into favor in the city and is almost as familiar to our smooth streets as the ordinary carriage. Many clerks who live outside of the city come in to their work at the Treasury every morning and go out at night on these double wheels. They also appear to be used by collectors and sometimes by young men in making calls on young ladies at a distance. But the latest and most important innovation is the adoption of the bicycle by some of our letter carriers. In that service they seem to be a great facility.

The Star Route muddle is growing worse and worse. The foreman of the late jury who first paid attention to the "jury fixes" finds himself charged for a good deal of sharp shooting and has not only been arrested and held for trial but has been brought up and held for contempt of court. Some of our payers say that the Government, in this fight, has the winning hand; but Mr. Ingersoll's criticisms on the proceedings show that the case has two sides. He says:

> The greater outrage was ever perpetrated in this District than the arrest of William Rockwell, arrest based wholly upon the affidavit of Brown, that every man who endeavored to corrupt him. That Department of Justice has endorsed Brown by arresting Dobson. That Department, so ashamed at first at having appointed Brown that it agreed to throw the responsibility of his appointment upon Sec. Lincoln, now accepts Brown as a truthful and competent witness, and with his testimony is willing to wreck the reputation of an honest man.

The investigation is still in progress and will probably be of a piece with the main trial.

The "Jeannette" search investigation has a melancholy interest; but it will not be very likely to stimulate similar expeditions. Pole hunting is not so romantic as it was, and the folly of such great hazards for such small results is becoming more and more obvious.

If the elections do not turn out to be all that was expected of them, it will not be the fault of the temporary residents of this City. It is understood that the clerks have gone home in pretty large force to vote and thus do their full duty to their country.

The trial of Sotelido for the murder committed a few months ago in the Washington *Depot House* is drawing to a close. On the part of the Government the effort is to fix the murder on Sotelido, but the defense claim that it was committed by Barton.

Workmen have just begun to prepare the rotunda of the Capitol for the coming fair, which will be opened the last of this month. The public interest in the event is very great.

BUCKEYE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Politics Mixed—Mrs. Langtry, the Fire, and Her Pictures—Photographs of Other Celebrities—Old Bobbs—How People Change Their Names—Horse Chestnuts and Rheumatism—Items of News.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1882.

I pass over political affairs lightly. All will be over at 4 o'clock next Tuesday, and then we may gleefully sing:

> Farewell to the noisy election,
> The orations, the cheers and the shouts;
> The people have made their selection,
> And it's cruelly rough on the "outs."

Everybody and his wife agrees that the Democrats will elect the Governor, but when it comes to local matters "things is mixed," and opinions are all at sea. It is useless to waste ink and room in further consideration of the chances.

THE JERSEY LILY.

The burning of the Park Theater had temporarily a depressing effect upon Mrs. Langtry, and well it might, for she could not help seeing from the windows of the Albemarle the whole conflagration, as the theater was less than 200 yards away on the other side of Broadway. But the misfortune had its better side. It has excited a great deal of sympathy for the lady, especially among her own sex, and will doubtless be of substantial benefit, at least to her manager.

Mrs. Langtry's pictures (poor ones, it must be said) are given away to customers in dry goods and other stores frequented by women. Sarony has had her at his studio, and we may soon see portraits as well as pictures. Speaking of photographs of celebrities, a large dealer said recently that Bernhardt's pictures sold well, though not as well as when she was playing here. This face is Rachel's, whom I saw on the stage 20 years ago. Here is Ellen Terry, the only picture of her in America. Mary Anderson's beauty sells many of her portraits. Her profile is very pretty. Maud Branscombe's face is immortal in photography. Over 400 negatives have been made of her face. She has the finest eyes on the stage, but you would not think her attractive if you met her on the street. Her complexion is not good, but she has remarkably regular features. Miss Neilson was long a favorite, and her beauty and the remembrance of her charming acting still sells many of her pictures. As to the people who buy photographs, another dealer said that actresses' pictures sold the best of any class. They were bought mostly by young men, a number of whom made collections embracing every actor and actress coming to New York. An old gentleman collects pictures of military men. If an actress was pretty she would sell well, even if not of much merit in her profession. Of standard artists, Mary Anderson, Adelaide Neilson, Fanny Davenport and Maude Granger were favorites. Many of Howell's fine pictures of Maud Branscombe were sold. Booth, McCullough and Barrett, among actors sold well. The demand for pictures of clergyman and literary persons was limited.

Pres. Garfield's was the best selling portrait ever brought out.

FROM PICTURES TO BIBLES.

It is very certain that the Revised New Testament has not run out the old version. It is not a failure, but its success is by no means as decided as was expected. As a rule "revised versions" are looked upon with disfavor. Remember the fate of a revised Shakspere, with all the naughty words left out. It was a dismal failure. And so it would be with an expurgated Decameron, or with any of Rabelais's books cleaned up.

Old Bibles, though not as plentiful here as in European Cities, are by means rare in New York. The Bibles most sought after by book-hunters are the "Vinegar," "Breeches," "Presbyterian" and Douai versions. Of the first named there are probably 50 copies in America. The version takes its name from the substitution of the word "vinegar" for "vineyard" in the 20th chapter of Matthew. It was published in two volumes by Baskett, of London, in 1717, and there are perhaps 100 copies extant. The "Breeches" Bible, so called from the use of the word "breeches" in place of "aprons," in Genesis iii., 7. The Breeches Bible was printed in 1560 at Geneva, by Rouland Hall, and went through 50 editions in 30 years. It is common in America, but perfect specimens are hard to get. Copies have been sold in New York at from $10 to $20. The "Presbyterian" Bible is found in the American market from time to time. It is a King James version, and was published by Buck & Daniel, of Cambridge, in 1638. The substitution of the word "ye" for "we" in Acts vi., 3, materially alters the import of the text. The change was, without foundation, imputed to the Presbyterians, hence the name of the book. Cromwell's "Ironsides" carried Bibles as a part of their equipment, and each man went forth

> "With his steeple-hat of felt,
> And his Bible in his belt,
> And his long sword a-swinging down by his side."

The first Bible printed in a foreign language in America was the German, printed at Germantown, Pa., in 1743. It is becoming rather valuable, a copy having been sold at the Brindley sale in April of last year for $350. The volume is a thick, clumsy quarto. The Elliott Indian Bible, printed in one of the districts of the North American Indians, is a great curiosity. It was published at Cambridge, Mass., in 1663, by Samuel Green & Marmaduke Johnson. It is believed that no living person can understand the language in which it was written. The best known copy was originally in the possession of Mr. John Allen, the sale of whose library caused such a stir in bibliographical circles in New York. It brought $900. A copy now would be worth $1,000 to $1,500. A second edition was printed at Cambridge in 1685, and a copy disposed of at the Brindley sale sold for $500. The highest sum recorded as having been given for a Bible was that paid for a "Mazaria" copy at the Perkins sale in London in 1875—£3,400. Two leaves were in fac-simile. Mr. Perkins had bought it in 1825 for £504. The highest figure ever realized in America was for a two-volume copy of the same edition, which Messrs. Leavitt sold recently for $8,000. Mr. Hamilton Cole, an amateur collector, was the purchaser. For the Sykes copy of the same book £2,000 was paid in 1873. The famous "ten thousand dollar" Bible contains about 60,000 illustrations, most of which have been inserted. A London book-seller named Brown spent about 20 years of his life in collecting engravings for this book from all conceivable sources. It is a Kitto's (1837) Bible, chosen on account of possessing a greater number of illustrations with the text than any other Bible. Mr. J. W. Bouton, the New York bookseller, valued it at $10,000 some years ago. It is now in a private library at Oswego, N. Y.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Few people are aware of the extent to which the practice of changing names is indulged in. The business quietly done by the Superior Court, the Clerk of which says: "Many persons come to our court every year to have their names changed. They have to file affidavits giving the reasons for making the application, and if the reasons are good ones, affecting the social, religious or business relations of the petitioner, the Judges issue a mandate giving legal sanction to the change. The Legislature also has that power, but few persons ever apply to that body, on account of the publicity." One Kavy Mouskey, an itinerant pedler, wanted to change to Rosansky, because the boys read the name on his wagon "Monkey." David Feigenbaum throws off his Jewish name and is now David Welch. Jews by the name of Levi change to Lewis. Another Jew, Edward Morgenstern—(Morning Star) is now Edward Stern. John Morgen. John Malthous found too many of the name in the Deiroto-ny and is now John Jay Malthous. There is also the remarkable circumstance of a husband taking the name of his wife. He is Noah Green, who was green enough to marry Madame Felicie, a shop-keeper in Broadway opposite the Sturtevant House. She kept the name Felicie for the sake of her business, while he held to Green. This caused unpleasant comment to silence which Mr. Green became Monsieur Felicie. John O'Conner after marrying dropped the big O, which, by the way, is a common thing for children of the Emerald Isle to do in this country. Carl Alexander Todtenhaupt is a sailor. He admitted in his petition that it was a bad name to own. Superior officers in giving orders would stutter over it. They could not call him Carl because there were generally too many Carls in the crew. Carl Todtenhaupt was an injury to his calling. Charles Brown is the substitute for it.

WILL THEY CURE RHEUMATISM?

Here and there one may see on the street corners, dark Italian men and women who, among other truck, have horse chestnuts on sale. As to the well-known superstition about this fruit, a "literary feller" (as Simon Cameron would call him,) says—and says he believes it all—that: "one day, while writhing with rheumatic pains a friend advised me to carry three or four horse-chestnuts in my pocket as a preventive against this disease. I smiled at the superstition and went on suffering. What possible good could horse-chestnuts in my pocket do the twinges in my ankle? Mentioning this singular advice to a crowd of fellows as an instance of the power of superstition over even intelligent minds, I was surprised to see every man put his hand in his pocket and pull out a horse-chestnut. No; I am mistaken—not every man. The one exception pulled out a small potato. Then, to my amazement, one man after another related his experiences. One had been a bookkeeper, in danger of losing his place because his right arm was crippled by rheumatism, and carrying horse-chestnuts had cured him. Another had suffered tortures from another painful disease, and carrying horse-chestnuts relieved him. So the story went around the whole crowd. 'It is a simple thing,' said the patriarch of the company; 'it costs nothing; it is no trouble; it cannot do any harm, if it doesn't do any good. Why not give it a trial?' I consulted my physician about it. He smiled superior, and said that some French doctors used a paste made of mashed horse chestnuts as a remedy for certain diseases, but that carring the nuts in the pocket could not do anything to prevent disease. This sounded very sensibly, but still the equally sensible remorks of the patriarch rang in my ears. At last I resolved to give the horse chestnuts a fair trial, but I found it no easy matter to procure them. They are sold, I was told, at stores on Third and Sixth avenues; but I could not find the stores. Finally, a friend in the country sent me a bushel of them, and I am now equipped for the Winter. Have they done me any good? It is too soon to answer that question yet. I can only say that I have had no pains since I have carried horse chestnuts. But is there anything except superstition in the notion that they are a preventive? Have they any virtues? Are they absorbed into the system as they dry up in the pocket?"

TO FILL THE COLUMN.

The terrible Saugun tragedy, the murder of three children and suicide of the murderous mother, has cast a gloom over the West Side. On the day of the funeral the streets were blocked by thousands of women, drawn by curiosity where they could see only the front of the house.

After the burning of the Brooklyn Theater there was much discussion about fireproof scenery, curtains, etc., but nothing was done in that way. Now, after the Park Theater has gone, an exhibition has been given of a fire-proof curtain. A large curtain, one-twentieth of an inch in thickness, composed of woven asbestos, presenting the appearance of common ducking, was suspended between two straight iron posts. On one side of the curtain, and near to it, was placed two empty tar barrels, one on top of the other. On the other side of the curtain and distant from it about two feet, was a large pile of dry wood, which had tar over it and was saturated with kerosene oil. This pile was set on fire, the flames rising beyond the height of the curtain and driving the spectators back 50 or 60 feet. The effect upon the asbestos curtain, which was enveloped in the flames for about an hour, was only to slightly discolor it, while so far from the tar barrels at the back becoming ignited the curtain was heated through.

Selling a wife for a dollar is pronounced by one of our Supreme Court Judges to be not a fair business transaction, but a very stupid joke.

More than 400 Mormons arrived in the "Abyssinia." Nearly all were married persons or children; there were not enough single women for the Saint's harem.

A boot-black in Brooklyn known as "Snow-ball," has fallen heir to a very valuable house and lot near the navy yard.

The latest novelty in the way of escape from a prison was achieved by a boy named Tim O'Neill, who got hold of two empty coffins, made a catamaran of them, and sailed from Hurd's Island for the city. He arrived safely, got drunk at once, and was immediately sent back.

ZENO.

RIOTOUS NEGROS.

One Side of a South Carolina Story, in which 20 Negros Murdered Six Whites.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 6.—A special to the News and Courier from Varnville says Policeman Robert Reid, of Hampton Court House, threatened to take a pistol from Jake Gantt, a negro, Sunday morning. Gantt thereupon went to the town of Brunson, collected about 20 negros and returned to Hampton Court House.

Reid, on seeing Gantt again insisted he should give up his pistol. There were six whites near the hotel—Robert Reid, C. Newell, A. D. Gerald, Samuel DeWitt, Maj. Causey and H. A. Peoples. These were all the white men visible on the street. Reid was immediately fired into by upwards of 15 negros and almost instantly killed. The negros then turned upon the other whites and severely beat and cut Newell, Gerald and DeWitt.

Henry Peoples at this time leaped upon his horse and put spurs to it, exclaiming, "I will go to Varnville and summon help." When he got to the edge of town he was waylaid by two negroes, who stopped his horse and exclaimed, "You are the d——d rascal going for help to Varnville." Thereupon they dragged him from his horse and stabbed him with a knife in the left thigh and ribs and were brutally beating him, when seeing he would probably be killed he resorted to the ruse of calling on an absent friend to come to his assistance with a pistol. This had the desired effect, and after cutting the bridle reins, the negros left him.

The negros had not the slightest provocation, as Reid was discharging his duty. Threats were made by negros that many more whites would bite the dust by Tuesday night.

HONOLULU.

Planters Establish a Protective Union—Trouble Expected at the Coronation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—Dispatches received by the acting Secretary of the Navy this morning from the Commander of the United States ship Alaska, at Honolula, report a serious state of affairs there, growing out of dissatisfaction among sugar planters. The planters have formed a protective union and made a protest to the King against the selection of his Cabinet. They urge more liberal and progressive policy than indicated by the King's movement. The King, in replying, recognized the right of all to make suggestions if they entertained any grievances, and assured members of the Union that their appeal would be considered. Meantime, there has been no change in the situation, and the King has issued a proclamation that he would be crowned February 12. The report further says the matter will probably drift along until the coronation day, when indications point to disturbances unless the alleged evil is remedied. Complaints of members of the Union appear to be general. The policy of the Government is not sufficiently liberal, and they urge better opportunity for bringing in labor and the adoption of a course to insure a continuation of the reciprocity treaty with the United States, which it is acknowledged has added so largely to the wealth of the Islands. The Union is prepared to send a representative to the United States to urge the continuation of the treaty after its expiration.

Howe's Resignation—Assistant Surgeon General.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—The rumor of Postmaster-General Howe's intention to resign is again revived. Persons claiming to know, say the resignation of his son Frank, as Chief Clerk of the Department is evidence that the old gentleman contemplates to follow.

The Attorney-General decided in regard to the office of Assistant Surgeon-General of the Army, made vacant by the appointment of Col. Crane as Surgeon General, that none of the officers in rank below have inchoate right to it, but that the senior Surgeon, who now holds the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, is entitled to the rank of Colonel, and any of the Surgeons of the rank of Colonel may be designated to act as Assistant Surgeon-General.

A Singular Will.

KEOKUK, Iowa, Nov. 5.—Six years ago an eccentric Spaniard was in Keokuk. He died in Spain last August. He had only one child, a girl 12 years old. It seems that he wished her to be raised a Protestant, and in his eccentricity named George Bland, a colored blacksmith, of this city, as her guardian. He made a contract with a priest in Spain for carrying out his will. The will provides that the priest shall receive $8,000 in case its conditions are fulfilled, otherwise nothing. George Bland, the colored man, is to have the same amount and the guardianship of the child, who has $30,000 and a large amount of diamonds and jewelry. A man is now on his way to Spain to look after the matter.

Mrs. Edson's Claim, $10,000.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4. — The Garfield Board of Audit to-day received the bill of Mrs. S. A. Edson against the estate of the late Pres. Garfield, which had been returned because of certain informalities. Her claim is for $10,000, for skilled attendance in a professional capacity as a physician. It will therefore have to be considered as coming within the limit of the $35,000 allowed to the physicians under an act of Congress. The Board will meet at the Treasury Department early next week for the consideration of the bills of physicians. Mrs. Edson's claim is not accompanied by a release upon the estate, hence it is quite likely it will be disallowed unless the release is added to it.

Death of Rear Admiral Poor.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—Rear Admiral Chas. H. Poor died here of apoplexy to-day. He was taken ill Saturday night and lingered till this afternoon. He entered the service in 1825, and was retired in 1870,

BRUTAL WIFE-MURDER.

The Fate of a Young Wife who had Left Her Husband Because of His Cruelty.

Special to the Blade.

CLYDE, O., Nov. 4.—John Radford, living between Clyde and Bellevue, shot his wife this afternoon. She had left him about two weeks ago, on account of cruel treatment, and had gone home to her father's house. He went there this afternoon and broke down two doors, dragged her out into the yard and shot her twice, once in the wrist and once in the head, killing her instantly. She leaves three small children. He started west, but was overtaken and lodged in Fremont jail. He will probably get clear on the insanity dodge.

BELLEVUE, Nov. 4. — This town was thrown into most intense excitement this afternoon about 3:30 by the announcement that there had been a murder committed in our midst. Your correspondent proceeded immediately to the scene, and there a sight met his eyes that he wished never to see again. On the ground, a few feet from a door of the house, lay the beautiful form of Annie, wife of John Radford, with a bullet hole through her right wrist and another through the right temple, from which the blood was oozing in a clotted mass. The coroner arrived at the same time, and learning that there had been witnesses to the sad affair deemed an inquest unnecessary, and her lifeless form was borne into the house that she had left but a few minutes before in the prime of health. Owing to the cruel and unnatural treatment of the husband of the murdered woman, she was compelled to leave him about four weeks ago, and was staying with her parents, who lived nearly opposite their old home. She had recently applied for a divorce, but previous to that time had had an injunction placed on the property to prohibit his disposing of any of it. This morning the murderer, John Radford, went to Fremont, and while there had the papers served on him notifying him of these facts. He returned on the noon train and proceed to his home. From there he crossed over to where his wife was stopping, knocked on the door, and not gaining admission, began kicking in the panels, and at this his wife came out. He grabbed her by the arm, knocked her down, placed the revolver at her head, and as she threw up her right arm it received the fist shot. He then, placing the revolver so close to her right temple that it burned her skin, fired the fatal shot. He was seen to get up and coolly walk out of the gate, stopping to look back a second as if to make sure of his work. Then before going further he picked the two empty shells out of the revolver, placing it in his pocket, and ran across a field until he struck the railroad track and then started west.

The news by this time so aroused the people that they by the hundreds, accompanied by the officers, started in pursuit of the fugitive. Jerry Korner, the Constable, overtook him about four miles west and demanded his surrender. He complied gracefully, and said, "Take me to Fremont quick." Upon getting into the buggy previous to starting, Radford said, "If she dead?" being answered in the affirmative he then replied, "I thought so, I gave her two good ones and I am glad of it." He was taken to Fremont and now lies in the County Jail to await his trial. The murdered woman leaves two beautiful little girls, aged seven and three, to mourn the loss of their mother.

FREMONT, Nov. 5.—Your correspondent called at the jail this afternoon to see John Radford, the man who murdered his wife at Bellevue yesterday afternoon. He was walking around with his hands in and smoking a cigar, and appeared calm. He asked for a Sunday Leader, and being handed one he sat down and read the account of the murder. He remarked to another prisoner that they "gave it a hell of a head." When asked if he had anything to say about it, he said there was not a bit of truth in it. "My name is Radford, but there must be another John Radford." He asked to keep the paper and your correspondent left. He has been very reticent, and would give no satisfactory answer to questions. Everything was quiet around the jail last night.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Gov. Hoyt Explains the Charges Made Against Him—Quay's Resignation.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 5.—Gov. Hoyt has made the following statement in reference to the charges against him, made at the Republican meeting last evening, that he had used the State funds, in connection with others, for private speculative purposes, and that to avoid disgrace he had appealed to Sen. Cameron to come to his assistance, which the latter did. He says:

"I was never a member of any pool engaged in stock speculation. I desire to state emphatically and without qualification that I have never requested, in person or by agent, of Mr. Cameron any financial assistance, either for myself or anybody else; that he has never advanced one dollar to me in my behalf or on my account, in any transaction, and that I have never had any relation or connection in business with any party or combination or pool to whom he may have advanced money, directly or indirectly. So far in life, I have not been compelled to draw on either the intellectual, moral, political or financial resources of that gentleman. This attack is doubtless a part of their discipline of extermination, to which I am to be subjected in common with a large number of other citizens of the Commonwealth. We accept the situation."

In reply to a question as to whether he had received Col. Quay's resignation as Secretary of the Commonwealth, he said: "Mr. Quay's resignation has been received and accepted. I part with him with sincere regret. I have appointed as his successor Col. Francis Jordan, of this City, who has accepted, and will go on duty as Secretary, to-morrow morning."

Col. Quay's telegram was simply to tender his resignation, and stated that he would be here next week to settle.

ILLEGAL FEES.

Charges Filed Against the Clerk of the United States Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—Charges against Clerk McKinney, of the Supreme Court, have been filed with the Chief Justice. They are brought by George R. Simmons, who alleges that while holding an office under the Clerk of the Supreme Court, he became acquainted with certain irregularities in the practices that have obtained in respect to charges made for fees. These irregularities in brief, consist in charges made for services never performed, in the matter of the preparation of manuscript copies of the records. He says he is prepared to prove that a large sum of money, being for the term of 1880, about $15,000 was charged for the preparation of manuscript copies of the records, although in fact no such copies were made, the original records being sent to the printer in violation of the rules of court. In support of the charge special instances were given where such illegal charges were made.

Simmons states that apropos of the resignation to accept a position in a banking house in Parke City, Col., he mentioned to Judge Waite what he regarded as abuses, and after the matter got into the newspapers, he felt it due to himself that the charges should be preferred in writing. Hence his formal communication to Judge Waite.

The International Running Race Won by Myers.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The international half mile running match between G. W. George, of the Mosely Harries, England, and Lawrence E. Myers, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, this city, came off to-day on the polo grounds. They tossed for positions, and Myers won and took the outside. Both bounded away on the report of a pistol. George ran with long, telling strides while Myers dropped in behind him. The first 220 yards was accomplished by George in 26¾ seconds, Myers being a yard behind him. The sixth of a mile, or 294 yards, were made by George in 33 seconds, the American still trailing him. The quarter mile saw George a foot in front, and his time to this point was 53¼ seconds. Then George drew away again, and at the end of the first lap, a third of a mile, or 587 yards, time 1 minute 16 and four-fifths seconds, they were almost side by side. George began to increase his stride and Myers again dropped in behind him, the Englishman running the 660 yards in 1:28¾. At 700 yards George still led, with the American in close pursuit; time 1:31 2-5. Now Myers began to draw up, and just before reaching the 800 yards' mark, Myers went to the front. George tried to spurt, but could go no faster, and Myers, who evidently had a lot left in him, came home the winner by three yards in 1:56 3-5, George's time for the full distance being 1:57.

The Neal and Craft Affair.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 5.—Judge George N. Brown, who granted a change of venue in the cases of Neal and Craft at Catlettsburg, the day before the affair with the mob at Ashland, is at Frankfort, having left his home to avoid the fury of the mob, which his friends feared would be directed against him. The citizens of Catlettsburg offered their services to protect him, but Judge Brown deemed it best to absent himself until the excitement subsided, as he feared that this very offer of protection might lead to a collision between the mob and law-abiding citizens, which he desired to avert. Prominent citizens of Ashland have telegraphed Judge Brown that the situation has changed and is very quiet. He will return to his home in Catlettsburg to-morrow.

For the Blade.

THE DARKEY'S AUTUMN IN THE WEST.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

De frisky prary-chicken, in his brindle ortum frock,
Sets bellerin' all de mo'nin', in de far off fodder shock;
De ginney-hen she cackle, at 'zactly twelb o'clock,
An' de phezzans, in de thicket, on de holler logs knock.

CHORUS—Den han' me down de banjo,
A' leff me bang de string,
Dar's sorrow in de music,
Ob de songs I lub to sing.
My cabin am decayin' fas',
An' Time is on de wing,
So han' me down de banjo,
An' leff me bang de string.

De rabbit am a hoppin,' wid his ear cocked high,
De peacock's a-struttin', an' a-squintin' ob his eye,
De Bob White's a-callin' from de stubble ob de rye,
An' de brown leaves am fallin' on de uplan's dry.

CHORUS—Den han' me down, etc.

De hicker-nuts an' walnuts am a-drappin' in de wood,
De chinequins am turnin' brown an' gettin' mighty good;
De hogs is growin' fatter, on der slops an' odder food.
An' de sizzlin' buckwheat batter to de smokin' skillet glued.

CHORUS—Den' han' me down, etc.

De apples in de celler, an' de taters in de hole,
De punkins big an' yeller am geddered in an' sol;
De babies in de cabin am all a-cotchin' col;
An' Dinah she is feeble like, an' I'ze a-growin' ole.

CHORUS—Den han' me down, etc.

De days am gettin' shorter, an' soon we'll hear de call,
Ob de trumpet ob de angel dat am standin' on de wall,
An' den we'll leave de cabin, an' de hosses in de stall,
An' scoot away to glory, in de glimmer ob de Fall.

CHORUS—Den han' me down, etc.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

New York Mail and Express.

A reporter was walking in the vicinity of the Fulton Ferry a short time ago, in the company of one of the officers attached to the Life Saving Service. There was a rush of people to the Fulton market slip, and the officer and the reporter joined the crowd to see the excitement. "It was nothing," one of the spectators said, turning to go away; "only a boy drowned!" The Life-Saving officer, however, seemed to take a different view of the drowning of a boy, and he hurriedly elbowed his way through the crowd till he was at the water's edge, with the reporter at his elbow. Three of the fishing schooners were tied up at this part of the pier side by side, and on the deck of the third lay a naked boy apparently dead. Half a dozen market men and fishermen stood by, saying that the boy was dead and that was all there was of it. The Life-Saving officer sprang aboard the nearest schooner, and was immediately stopped by a policeman who was on guard—for the boy had been out of the water for some time.

"Stand back," said the Life-Saver, "I am a physician," and followed by the reporter, he was soon on the deck on which the drowned boy lay.

The officer physician felt the boy's skin, felt for his pulse, drew up one of his eyelids and looked at his pupil, and asked one of the bystanders how long the boy had been out of the water.

"You can't get no job here unless you are an undertaker," said one of the men. "He was stuck in the mud most 10 minutes, and he has been layin' here 10 minutes or more; so, if you fetches him to life, it'll be a little resurrection, and don't you forget it."

The officer paid no attention to the man's opinions, but devoted his whole time to the boy in a way that seemed to indicate some hope of saving the life that was apparently gone. He could not have been colder or more apparently lifeless if he had been dead for a week.

The officer opened the boy's mouth, an operation that required some force, and found it full of mud. Pulling the lower jaw down as far as possible, he introduced one of his fingers and carefully cleaned it out. There was enough mud in his mouth to choke the boy if he had not been in the water at all. The officer whisked off his coat, rolled it up into a pillow, and laid it on the deck, with the assistance of two or three bystanders, he turned the boy over on his face and laid him so that the coat-pillow was directly under his stomach. Taking the boy's two ankles in one of his hands and giving them to one of the men to hold up so that the patient's feet were several feet higher than his head, the officer pressed carefully but firmly in the region of the small of the back, and immediately a stream of water gushed out of the boy's mouth. It had been all this time in the lungs, waiting only for proper treatment to help it out. The boy was then, after a minute or two of this exercise, turned over on his back again, and the officer knelt over him. Putting one hand on the boy's right side and the other on his left, just over what are known as "the short ribs," the officer gave them a powerful compression, and then suddenly let go. The instant he took off his hands the ribs sprang back to their natural position, and a draught of air rushed into the lungs. This was repeated a dozen times or more, but still the boy was to all appearance a corpse.

"Oh, give us a rest on that," said another of the men. "The boy's dead, and that settles it. Can't you let a drowned boy alone!"

The assertion that the boy was dead seemed to be only too true. He looked like a piece of marble; and the reporter suggested that it was not worth while to make any further efforts.

"Why," said the officer, "I haven't begun yet. The boy may live and he may not. But he's going to have a fair chance for his life, anyhow. Stand back a little, all of you, and give him a little more air."

Discontinuing for a moment the artificial breathing process, the officer took one of the boy's hands between his own and began to slap it vigorously, at the same time setting three of the bystanders at work on the other hand and two feet. The reporter relieved the officer at the slapping business and the latter resumed the rib-squeezing process, compressing the boy's frame till he must have cried for mercy if he had been conscious. With four men slapping his hands and feet, and an expert trying to start his breathing, the boy must have been unreasonable, indeed, had he been dissatisfied. But he still lay as dead as stick, and, happily, unconscious.

After about five minutes of this treatment, very much to the surprise of the market men and the reporter, and greatly to the delight of the Life-Saving officer, the boy gave a slight gasp for breath.

Just at this moment of triumph the policeman on guard called across the decks: "Say, you'd better let that boy alone. He's dead enough."

"Never mind what they have to say; they don't know what they're talking about," said the officer. "Get me a glass of brandy."

He redoubled his artificial breathing treatment, and one of the fishing sailors went down into the cabin, and soon returned with a tumbler nearly full of not very inviting-looking brandy. The boy meanwhile gasped again; had twitched a little in the legs; had rolled his head to one side, and at length had drawn a good-sized breath. The minute he breathed, the officer picked up the glass of brandy, and poured the liquid down the boy's throat.

"Now, get us two or three blankets, as quick as you can," said he, and at the same time he unrolled his coat and laid it over the boy. The patient continued to show more signs of life. He soon drew short but regular breaths, and raised one hand to his head. Under the influence of the warm brandy in his stomach and the fresh air in his lungs, he opened one of his eyes.

"He is all right now," said the officer, getting up with difficulty and straightening the "kinks" out of his back. "Wrap him up well in these blankets and put him in a berth. Be sure you make his hands and feet warm. If you have a couple of empty bottles fill them with warm water, cork them up well, and put them against his feet. In 10 or 15 minutes give him another glass of brandy. He will be able to walk to you inside of an hour and tell you where he lives. But he will probably be too weak to walk home; some of you will have to carry him. Come, old fellow (to the reporter), let us go. There is nothing more for us to do."

DORSEY'S HOME.

The Palatial Residence of the Famous Star Router.

New Mexico Letter in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In 1881 Stephen W. Dorsey was the largest individual tax-payer in Colfax County, New Mexico. When we take into account the fact that his possessions were cattle, horses, ranches and patents to water-rights, and in a County that has more cattle to the square mile than any other in the West, it clearly indicates his prominence among the cattle-growers of that County, which contains upward of 250,000 head of range cattle. Last year he was the owner of 30,000 or 35,000 head of cattle, and controlled a vast area of the public domain, estimated at 10,000 square miles, of which principally he was practically the owner, according to the unwritten law of stock men. The private residence of Sen. Dorsey reminds one of a Southern home—a two-story house, skirted in front by a broad verandah, on which open, beside a door leading to a special hallway, large windows that reach to the floor, large chimneys built on the outside of the house, and the building constructed of smoothly-hewn logs, kept carefully oiled. The interior arrangement of the house is perfect, parlor, living-room, dining-room, bedrooms, suites, bath rooms, etc., elegantly furnished from Dorsey's Washington residence, occupied during his Senatorial days, and with all the comforts and conveniences for the entertainment of a large number of guests, and quite the correct sort of country home for a gentleman of elegant but good taste. The hospitality of the owner is proverbial, and the cellar is stocked with wines, liquors and all the dainties that man's invention has been able to preserve in bottles and cans. A short distance from the residence

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

WORN AND OLD.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

You said, I heard it, in voice so fresh and young,
In speech so full of scorn, whose accents rang and sting—
That I had grown so old, of use I'd ceased to be;
Naught could I give the world, naught could it do for me.
When that time came to you, you hoped—sarcastic word—
You'd have the grace to die—to live would be absurd.
For who could bear to see an old, worn, withered face,
Or list the feeble tones, or wait the halting pace.
I heard each stinging word. You stood with beauty crowned,
High health and hope, glad gifts, with which youth's years abound,
Just as I stood one day, it seems not long ago,
The rose on cheek and lip, my pulses all aglow,
With love as white as yours, with eyes as soft and bright,
That saw the coming years as full of strange delight;
I gloried in my strength just as you do to-day,
And seemed whatever seemed to whisper of decay.

A happy bride I was, just as you hope to be,
The roses in my path as glorious to me;
And then my baby came; oh wondrous motherhood
That brought such solemn joy! It seemed that angels stood
And whispered of the life part human, part divine,
Which baptism of pain had made so wholly mine.
And still youth lingered on; and still no thoughts or fears
Of change or growing old thrilled thro the passing years.

Ah, days so full of grace, of glory that has fled,
It is so hard to know they're numbered with the dead.
In the midst of my life Death's discord came at last,
And when in one brief hour its agony swept past
It left me desolate. Oh, God! to stand alone
With heart and brain struck numb, and breathe no sigh nor moan!
The Summers came and went, with bloom and fruit and song;
I walked with bleeding wound life's thorny path along.

All things must have an end. And so as years went by
This grew to be endured. I knew I could not die
And leave my little one. Hard toil was then my lot,
For weary months and years. And peace—I knew it not.
So now I'm worn and old. 'Tis true just what you said,
My face is seamed with lines, my beauty all has fled;
I walk with feeble step, my sight grows very dim.
Almost I hear the voice that calls me unto Him.
You're sorry for your words? You rocked not all they meant?
Ah well, the pang has passed! 'Twas but a thought that sent
The arrow through my heart. A thought of what a dearth
Of love and hope was mine, forever mine on earth.
I'll find them over you. Upon the shining strand
My darlings wait for me, safe in that better land.
They wait with love and faith; their voices clear I hear,
Sweet voices once more I feel, for Death I know is near.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Hair Pin-Cushion.—This convenient article will make a pretty Christmas gift. Knit in the common knitting stitch out of crewel, and using coarse knitting needles, four pieces seven inches square. Have two of them dark olive and two light. Sew the dark ones together and stuff them with horse hair, then cover it over with the two light ones, turning the knitting the other way. Put a puff of crimson or pink satin around the edges. This must be five inches wide, gathered and sewed on along the edges. Take a strip of olive flannel, straight upon one edge, and the other pinked in scollops. Work a spray of flowers in each of these, and then fasten it to the upper edge of the satin puff. Cover these edges with a cord or a box plaiting of narrow satin ribbon, the color of the puff.

Embroidered Band for Tablecloths.—On a central band of white linen, about nine inches wide, embroider fruits and flowers in outline stitch with blue and white cotton. Round this band sew an edging of Torchon lace, the join being hidden under a row of some light fancy stitch. Feather-stitching in blue ingrain cotton outlines also the centre of the lace. The advantage of this band lies in its being easy of execution and readily washed. These decorations relate to the dining table only.

To Decorate Flower Pots.—Common red flower pots look very pretty decorated as follows: Trace a pattern in pencil all over the surface of the pot—of scrolls, flowers, and leaves, heraldic griffins, or any pattern in which the ground does not occupy an unfair share. Next, with black tube oil paint fill in either the ground or the pattern, leaving the rest the original red earthenware. Varnish when dry or not, according to taste. This kind of work is very similar in appearance to what is seen upon the Etruscan or Pompeiian vases, and much superior to any with pictures pasted on. —Ida.

Pencipers.—I will tell you how to make a pretty penwiper. Take 12 disks of cloth of various colors, edged with crystal beads. The round is may be of any size according as the penwiper is required. They are then folded in four and fastened together in the center with a few stitches of silk thread. It resembles a rose.

A Tidy.—Get a ball of tidy cotton No. 14. Make a wooden frame 20 inches square with an inch sprig driven down in the center of each corner and similar ones along the sides, in line with these and an inch apart. Fasten your cotton to the second side sprig and weave from this sprig to the one opposite, passing around each sprig three or four times, then draw the thread to the next sprig and weave in the same manner, until you reach the second sprig from the side you are working towards. Now cross these threads in the same way from the other two sides. Then cross with the same number of threads diagonally in both directions. You will then have on your frame four warps each in different directions. With a needle and tidy cotton securely fasten as there are every place where four sets of thread intersect, and bring the cotton from one to another. Cut the cotton at every sprig and it is finished, except trimming the fringe a little. If any one wishes directions for making glove mittens or gentlemens' silk mittens, I will send them. I can tell the lady about drawing, and will some other time. Did any of the ladies make any fern pictures? If not, I will tell you how. "Southern Girl," please send me some moss.—BRIDAL ROSE, box 15, Linn, Ill.

Smyrna Insertion.—K means knit, o over, n narrow. Cast on 23 stitches; knit across plain. 1st row—k 12, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, n, k 6; 2nd—Same as first. (The "over twice throughout the whole pattern makes one stitch when knitted. One loop is knitted, the other dropped. It makes the work more open, as in the Smyrna lace pattern.) 3d—k 13, o twice, n, k 1; o twice, n, k 5; 4th—same as third; 5th—k 14, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, n, k 4; 6th—same as fifth; 7th—k 15, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, n, k 3; 8th—Same as 7th; 9th—k 16, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, n, k 2; 10th—same as 9th; 11th—k 14, n, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, k 4; 12th—same as 11th; 13th—k 15, n, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, k 5; 14th—same as 13th; 15th—k 12, n, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, k 6; 16th—same as 15th; 17th—k 11, n, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, k 7; 18th—same as 17th. Commence again at third row.—H. S. A.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER REQUEST.—For nine months I have been a silent admirer of the promptness with which requests and inquiries are responded to by members of the HOUSEHOLD. It has given me a much better opinion of the real, genuine, practical philanthropy of this so-called selfish world.

Having been numbered with the unfortunates for years, almost my only pastime and pleasure has been in books and flowers.

If any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD have flower seed of any kind to spare, I would be delighted to get them. I would like some cypress, Dutchman's pipes and Western flower seeds especially. I would also be pleased if some of the ladies would send me some pretty silk patterns, with diagram for putting them together.

My resources for giving pleasure are limited. If there is anything I can do for the ladies in return, will be glad to do so.—ELLA MIZPAH, Timmons P. O., Maury County, Tenn.

A PLEASANT GREETING.—Some little time ago a lady asked what to do for nervous weakness, and what the best medicine and diet is for a child of two years. I have waited for some one wiser than I to answer, but as no one has yet appeared on the scene I will give her the best advice I can. Did she mean that it was the child that was suffering from nervous weakness or did she refer to two persons? The best medicine for any child, sick or well, is plenty of good wholesome food, sleep, outdoor exercise, comfortable clothing and frequent bathing.

One suffering from nervous weakness should eat no flesh-food nor any other stimulating food or drink whatever, should sleep as much as possible and do nothing to overtax the mind or body. Outdoor exercise and pleasant companionship is all the medicine needed. Drugs are worse than the disease.

Children should not be permitted to eat flesh food either, nor highly seasoned dishes, nor rich pastry, nor drink tea and coffee. Graham, oat meal, granula, and the like, with fruit, vegetables, and milk, should be their food and pure water their drink.

I saw a young mother the other day, with her two children—a boy of three and a baby girl nearly a year old. Both children were plump and rosy and not at all suggestive of the grave yard. The mother said she never had sickness in her family; that her little boy had never tasted white bread; that he lived principally on Graham and oatmeal. I met her in a house where poverty had come and where was a sick mother and three delicate children. The contrast was great, but I am sure it need not have been.

I sent "Mrs. D." my recipe for making lit-rait-ti-wiffen-staff. To make them light and nice she will need a hot oven, iron gem pans and good flour. Break into a dish an egg; beat it up and add one quart of water; stir into this enough graham flour to make a thick batter, not stiff but thicker than for griddle cakes; have the gem irons hot and buttered and pour the batter into the cups and place in the hot oven; the oven should be hot enough to bake them in 20 minutes, but be careful not to burn them. If you fail to have them just right the first trial, try again. If the flour is good, the irons and oven hot, and the batter of the right consistency, you cannot fail to have most delicious biscuit. Your success depends most upon the flour. I cannot lay too much stress upon the necessity of that being good. Some people say they cannot eat graham, it makes them sick. Well, I think it would use if I had to eat some of the abominable stuff sold under that name. Your biscuit when baked should be of a light brown color and light like home-made bread, not soggy, nor sticky, nor watery.

"LOU NETTLETON" these are the kind of "airy nothings" that our table is supplied with, and very satisfactory we find them. Come and see us and get a "square" meal, and I think you will get into a good humor again. Now, please tell me who is to blame for the "Angel Cake" and the "airy nothings?" Who eats the most of such things? The girls? if they do, then I shall think with "Michigan Girl" that Michigan people are different from other people, for observation has led me to the conviction that Michigan boys are quite as fond of "Angel Cake" and "airy nothings" as Michigan girls are, and if they were not they would not be to be pitied with them. I have there an impression abroad in the land that girls live on pickles and sweetmeats, while boys eat something more substantial. But it is a false impression, I am sure, for I never could discern that girls were more fond of goodies than boys are. To be sure, I have never boarded around, and so perhaps haven't had as good an opportunity to form a correct judgment as you have, but I know how it was in my father's house, and I have noted when company was present who cared most for airy nothings." It is twice as hard to convert a man over to hygenic ways of living than a woman; and often I hear women say that they like such and such dishes, but their husbands do not, and it is too much trouble to cook them just for themselves; at the same time they do not think it too much trouble to cook something just for their husbands, as I have no patience with people whose hearts cannot be reached except through their appetites. I won't say their stomachs, for it would be an insult to these much-abused members. The poor stomachs would be glad enough if their owners would use a little common sense.

"Free Educationalist," I agree with you, both about the school-books and the education of the girls and boys.—THE WIFE OF A GOOD HUSBAND.

THE WAY.—Sisters, young and old, you ought to know if you don't, that the way to every man's heart (and maybe some of the schoolmarm's,) is through his stomach. "Roll up your sleeves" and go to work, and you shall have a chance to gladden many a heart, or one heart many times. There is not one man out of 10 that would admire and relish a meal, no matter how hard you have worked to have the cake just right, the omelette souffles, apple float, maringues, and so on, ditto, as much as he would to find the coffee clear as amber, the steak tender and juicy, the potatos nicely baked or mashed without lumps in them, the bread light and flakey and the pancakes brown and sweet with other wholesome articles dished up to correspond.

"We may live without music, poetry and art;
We may live without conscience, live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

"Fanny," I'm sorry for you. When I was learning to make bread I encountered similar difficulties, but perhaps your flour is too new, or ground too fine or maybe all the bad "Millers" are not in New York or Pennsylvania. If any of the trade belong to THE HOUSEHOLD don't depart and shake dust from your feet.

"Good Templar" don't be in such haste, wait awhile and you'll know your own mind better, and in all probability you'll find some dear girl with a good heart that will bind up your wounded spirits if time does not. You chance to one if she had married you at the end of a year you'd been glad if she had said no. Wonder what's become of the poor neglected wives and husbands that used to parade their wrongs and family troubles to the kind hearted public. At one time I thought the HOUSEHOLD had better organize into a society for the promotion of cruelty to wives and husbands; perhaps though they have found out "family jars" had better be left in the family, and if *two* try to make home happy they can.

If "Brunette" and "Rosebud" are still readers of the BLADE, let's hear from them. I surely thought the Temperance question would rouse them. "Penna Blonde" would like to hear from them. Well there is a smattering of everything and not much of anything in this, but when some one strikes my mood on Temperance, as "Lou" did on plain cooking, I'll come again.—M. M. M., Sandriver, Pa.

WORDS OF SENSE.—I do not think I misunderstood any one, or made a blunder in my last letter to the HOUSEHOLD. I think it is as much a woman's place to work to support a family of which she is one of the head ones, as it is for a man. If it takes all of her time and strength to do the housework and care for the bodily comforts of the different members that make up her family, she can certainly do no more. But she has only done what'it seems to me every woman ought to do who voluntarily places herself in the position of wife and mother, "with the care of a house and a new baby every two years," as "M. L. D." says. Having done this she should have the self-assertion to insist she has supported herself by the labor of her own hands.

Women of the working kind are always busy, but it seems to me they do much useless labor and waste much valuable time—in fact they invent ways to pass away time, having more than they know what to do with. Girls grow up into women under many disadvantages. While girls they look to their fathers for their dresses, hats, gloves, etc., enjoying them immensely when they get them, with no thought for the morrow. They may work faithfully as daughters of the household. If they do, it is spoken of as commendable, but in no way counts financially as so much belonging to them more or less in proportion to the amount of work done. An extra nice dress or a new piano may be given as an incentive to industry, but very rarely that dollars and cents find their way into a young woman's pocket, and so it is not at all strange that they come to believe their labor amounts to nothing in real value.

These daughters grow up into women and become wives, and there is little change except that they look to their husbands for the necessaries of every day life instead of their fathers. This work goes on, usually increasing, but still brings in no money. 'Tis very a labor of love, and happy are they who get love and appreciation in return. Yet who can look on the labor done by an industrious woman the wife and mother of a family, and say she does not support herself!

Girls could just as well learn business habits as boys, if the idea that they were to support themselves when they became women was the prevailing one instead of getting married. Women need to be more self-reliant, to have opinions of their own, and know the why and wherefore of their believing. Every woman should try to be just as wise and good as God made her capable of being. Then, although husbands and babies are precious beyond words to express, and make home and happiness without which a woman's life loses perhaps the best that earth has in the way of enjoyment, still duties well done cannot fail to bring a compensation, and nothing could add so much to a woman's happiness as the recognized ability to support herself. I have no higher ambition for my daughters than that they may grow up into self-supporting women.—E. L. H.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—To make Graham bread set sponge at night as for fine flour bread. In the morning make Graham mush of half your wetting, and to an oven full in No. 7 stove, 1 teacupful of molasses or brown sugar with salt stirred in the mush when done. In your bread dish have just enough Graham flour for the bread with your cold wetting, and if buttermilk enough soda to sweeten the whole, turn in the hot mush, stir to a sponge, put in your yeast and one-third fine flour, more or less. I never measure. Stir as stiff as you can with a large spoon. Let it rise, mould into loaves, not too large, for they will be soft and run over easily. Bake before very light, for it breaks easily when cut if too light. I prefer sweet new milk for wetting, but buttermilk or water answers. Every one who eats my bread says it is the best they ever ate, and it took the premium at the Institute Fair at Hamburg, Fremont County, Iowa.

To save fuel where coke or wood is used: In baking potatos, corn bread, browning coffee, or nearly everything, if you don't have too large a quantity, bake on the grate with coals under in an old dripping pan or anything else that will answer the purpose, even the bottom of the oven will do. Cover your flat irons. A sheet iron cover made on purpose with a handle on top is the best. An old dish pan with the bottom cut out and bent to shape answers. With a cover it will save half the fuel to heat irons in this way. You will need a thick holder. Some fire proof material wrapped around a kettle or boiler will keep it boiling with very little fire.

Bottle up wild grape juice sealed like canned fruit. Pick out the bad ones, and scald them stems and all; strain out the juice boil and bottle. It will make splendid drink for the sick, and will cure many diseases. It is better than lemonade in hot weather, good for jelly or any way. This may be too late for some parts, but this is a great country. The first Winter I was in Iowa wild grapes staid on the vines all Winter. They did not need sugar to sweeten them.

For very tart canned fruit we turn off the juice for jelly, and then put on water. It is tart enough then. I think all fruit that is dried is better cooked first. Cook apples and spread them on plates to dry. If cooked to a mush they will dry down like peach leather and come off the plate smooth as glass. Soaked a few hours in cold water or boiled a short time in the sauce is just as good as fresh apples.

If potatos are plenty, make potato starch. Grate the potatos, and run them through a sieve with water, strain through cloth afterwards, wash well and dry. It is just as good as corn starch for pudding.

For washing fluid, 1 1-2 lbs. sal soda and 1-2 lb. lime to 4 gallons water, boil until dissolved, settle and cool, then turn into jugs or jars. We make half the quantity at once. To wash with the fluid, soak your clothes over night or in warm water a while in the morning, wring, rub soap on dirty places and put into boiling suds or cold water, with 2-3 of a teacupful of fluid added to one boiler of clothes. If any streaks are left after boiling, they rub out very easily, then rinse well in hot water.

For working butter when hard, use a potato masher to start with, unless you use your hands or a butter-worker; it will save strength and time.

For cheap nest eggs, take hard shelled eggs, found by breaking one egg with another. Boil hard and mark with pen or pencil. They will stand a hard freeze.

For chicken cholera, a few drops of carbolic acid in the water they drink, a mixture of red pepper or cayenne in their food one day, sulphur the next, powdered charcoal or condition powder, and anything for a change. I keep an open vial of carbolic acid suspended by a small wire in the hen house all the time.

If skunks eat your eggs or chickens poison them with strychnine. I break a hole in one of the eggs as large as the end of my finger, turn out a little of it, stir in the poison (about as much as a kernal of wheat), then put it in the nest or places where they have been, taking care to have everything else out, and a little hole to keep the egg from rolling. Get up before the chickens do, and if the skunk is the least bit in egg is, put it in some safe, cool place until the next night, always waiting until the chickens are at roost. If the dog eats eggs, or there are any pigs out, the place must be fixed so they cannot get them.

If you chance to catch a skunk in a steel trap where you don't wish to have the odor, and he has not already spread it, take him out as carefully as you can, trap and all. A small box with a cover to it that will fasten down is the best, but I have taken them up cellar stairs and quite a distance by hooking a long pole into the chain of the trap, and dragging them along to where I wished to kill them, which would be an old keg in Winter, or a hole in the ground in Summer, then they cannot bespatter you. I never caught one in a steel trap that raised an odor until I went to kill it, and then I don't think they would if I had drowned them. Not so with strychnine; they leave the odor if they runaway.

Break eggs where hens are setting late, for little chickens suffer very much from cold. If they hatch it is a mercy to kill them, which I do by tying them up in a cloth or little sack and drowning in warm water. They die so soon, and that is the way I kill little kittens. I would not be so cruel to carry them off to starve or be abused. Cut these recipes out and try them.—LUCY BRADLEY TICKLING, High Creek, Fremont County, Iowa.

AIRY NOTHINGS.—Let me tell you what a pleasant home I have, and these chilly October evenings make a wood fire very pleasant indeed. Bright carpets on the floor, handsome pictures on the walls, book cases and books abound, deep, sleepy, hollow chairs, easy tete-a-tetes, the light soft, and my birdies hung around the walls.

I myself am not pretty, but I manage to cuddle up in a chair, and some how the gentlemen—"boys I call them"—like to come and spend an evening with "Puss." We always spend part of the time in singing. I am a fair singer and have hosts of music.

How I have laughed over some of the letters in the HOUSEHOLD. I am a Michigan girl and was glad that "Michigan Girl" defended us on housekeeping. Of course a girl ought to know how to keep house, and I do like to do it, too, and am in hopes I shall be fortunate enough to find somebody to keep house for some day, but girls, I do not intend to ever marry a man less than five years older than I am—I am 20—and he must be able to keep a good house and help to do the work. Please do not understand that sentence wrong. I don't want him to help, but provide servants. Deliver me from a man doing housework.

"Mountain Lily," you made me cry, you are so patient. I wish you could fly into my cosy little home to-night. We would both sit in a large chair, and——Well, dear, I love you.

I won't afflict you long this time for two reasons; first, you will be disgusted with such trash, and second, I am in expectation of hearing the door bell.

I send a recipe with this for a cake which is simply splendid, and I wish some of the housekeepers would try it and let me know how they like it. Can I come again, please? Good night—PUSS.

SCHOOL PRIZES. — "Inexperience," my idea in regard to awarding prizes is somewhat contrary to yours. Certainly in some cases there is a great benefit derived from giving prizes, but only in such cases where all the pupils can have an equal chance, if they study and are regular in attendance. I know by experience that a pupil takes more interest in such branches where there is a prize to be gained than where there is none, and I cannot see as there is any cause for jealousy or anything of the kind when all have the same opportunity, if they improve it.

I want to hear more on this subject, as I have not had a great deal of experience in teaching, and we ought to be posted on such matters. Though I am not very fond of teaching, yet I would prefer the occupation to presiding over the homes of some of the masculine order of creation we hear of in THE HOUSEHOLD.

"Inexperience," how many letters can you read in a month? I never had the experience, but presume I could read a goodly lot.—YOUNG SCHOOL MARM.

A QUESTION.—I have a white English violet, which I got of "Vick" last spring. I had the pot sunk in the ground through the Summer and have brought it in the house since cold weather. It has never bloomed, and is not much larger than when I got it, and though new leaves came on, the outside ones continually die and drop off. Since bringing it in the house it runs up tall and tender, looking as if the room was too warm for it. Will "S. A. Hamilton" or some other one tell me how I may at least preserve it alive through the Winter?—A LOVER OF FLOWERS, Knoxville, Iowa.

TO MICHIGAN GIRLS.—You have heard of the "Red River Valley?" Well here I am with all the other outcasts, that I by mean the batchelor portion. No wives or sweethearts, just think of it.

The vision of those 50 little darlings you picture as perfection in cooking, catches us. Can't you send us up a sample lot, I could place a car-load this moment, and with boys that don't depend on the "old man," and ask no more than they are willing to give.

Letters to "Van Ellison" are a waste of raw material. He's a chump—worst kind. Sensible people don't argue the whiskey question,—it settles itself. Then he's a jealous brute. And there is that whining "Alfred," who expects perfection and is full of patent leather sentiments, probably never earned a dollar in his life. My observation in life is that women are better fitted to be wives than men are to have them.

We are doing well here, but we want the girls to help us, and, though we may lack in fine houses, the homes are real ones. Send one that is fair and good and I'll place her myself. I would write particulars of this region should any one wish.—RED RIVER VALLEY.

BOTH SCHOOLMA'AMS.—To the correspondents of THE HOUSEHOLD Department, greeting! Into the quiet farmhouse here came the BLADE, always a welcome visitor, and a letter from "Lou Nettleton's" was perused, and I cannot help but answer. We are both country "schoolma'ams," and I was ready to read her ideas on any school question, but instead she says: "I don't wonder that old Bachelors prefer their solitary dens and fishing lines to hoopskirts and unpaid bills." And so, "Miss Lou," that is your highest estimate of married life, is it? Have you no idea of happy homes, of true domestic love or comfort? Does the whole thought of marriage mean nothing for the husband, but bills to pay? I wonder if that is the amount of good you expect to do. I don't think it is. When I read that part of your letter I thought, "Well, that girl, I suppose, will never marry," and lo! as I read farther I see you ask advice about the matrimonial question. Not very consistent methinks.

"Miss Lou," I have frequently wondered where you were teaching. Can it be the "Boarding around" system is still in vogue? If so, I would like to know where. Surely you work hard enough to entitle you to good board. Your experience has not been like mine. Poor crops are the exception, not the rule, I think, and plain, good cooking is by no means "a lost art." Why don't you Board yourself, Miss Lou," or pay board—not board around—and be on the "Independent ticket?"

You advise "Hypatia" not to trust any man with her heart, and tell her to "take the advice of one whose heart has never been touched by Cupid's arrow." I'd like to know how you can advise her if you've never had any experience, and what idea must you have of your childhood home and parents to have so utterly lost faith in humanity?

And now your last quotation:

"To thy own heart in grief
Turn—thy comfort."

Did you mean about the muddy coffee and muddy steak, or about the realities of life?

"Inexperience," I agree with you about not giving prizes, though at one time I believed in it. About the case of loud studying: Do you mean that the whole school does it, or just one or two; if the latter talk with them, and then a warning look or motion when they forget will help them to check it? Perseverance and depriving those who persist in it of some of their privileges will eventually check it. Give us some of your methods of presenting certain branches. "Independence," how do you teach reading and map drawing?

"Miss Lou," may we not hear from you, too, on these subjects?—M. M.

LACE AND SHELLS.—I am a little girl 11 years old and love to read, especially the letters in the HOUSEHOLD department. I like the lace patterns; have knit several yards of point lace and have learned many of the other patterns. Mother saves them for me in her scrap book. Pa is a farmer, and I can take my pony and herd cows; I manage her quite well, and can mount or dismount in the field. Horseback riding is fine sport, and herding cows a useful pastime. The next thing to an education, I think it my duty to be useful.

I will tell the little BLADE readers how I made some pretty ornaments. I got large shells from the creek and boiled them in lye until the dark coat was loose, then washed and scraped them. They are beautiful, pearly ornaments for many things. I have some around flower beds. A large white terrapin shell is in the center of a bed of flowers and shells.—ANNA, Pleasant Valley, Mo.

Inquiries.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD please send me the BLADE of August 15th, as I am very anxious to get it. I will send some Colorado papers in return.—F. E. DOUGLAS, Salida, Chaffee County, Col.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD give me a good recipe for Graham or other coarse bread, such as is suited to a weak stomach? —DYSPEPTIC.

Our correspondent will find a recipe for Graham bread in a letter elsewhere in the HOUSEHOLD. If yeast brown bread disagrees with you, an excellent substitute is the following: Take a quart of flour, one-third white and two-thirds brown, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt, and stir up with milk, using enough to make it as stiff as can be stirred with a strong spoon. Bake slowly in a pan of a size that will give a loaf about five or six inches thick when done. One or two trials will be all that is necessary to show what is requisite for success. The bread is palatable and healthy for dyspeptics.—ED.

Do any of the brothers or sisters of the HOUSEHOLD want a little boy to raise? There is a bright little boy here, 13 years old, who needs a good home.—H. E. RYAN, Williamsville, Sangamon Co., Ill.

Will you please ask "Chatta Bella" and "Kansas" to send their address to R. H. box 38, Randolph, Breckenridge, Col.?

Will some of the readers of the BLADE inform me how to make a cement for an aquarium, or if there is a cement that can be bought for that purpose?—MRS. O. H. P. WILLIAMS.

In "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" is the following: 1 gill of litharge, 1 of dry white sand, 1 of plaster of Paris, and ½ gill of finely-powdered resin. Sift and keep corked until required for use; then make into a putty by mixing in boiled linseed oil, with a little patent dryer added. Must not be used after it has been mixed with the oil over 15 hours. It is best to give it 3 or 4 hours to dry. This cement sticks to wood, stone, metal, glass, etc., hardens under water and cannot injure animals or plants. It resists the action of salt as well as fresh water.

Speaking of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" calls to mind the fact that some of the members of the HOUSEHOLD who are looking for something to do, might find congenial and profitable employment in canvassing for this work, than which no better recipe book can be found. Any that desire to do so can obtain all needed information by writing to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O.—ED.

Will "Maud" send me the mottos for splashers I saw in the BLADE of October 12? Address Mrs. Gertie Cochran, Kew City, McKean County, Tenn.

Will some kind sister tell a new subscriber, through the Household Department, how to make spatterwork? She knows something about it, but does not know how to fasten fern on paper without pinning it, which leaves holes in the work.—A LOVER OF FANCY WORK.

I would like recipe for watermelon cake which "Beatrice" offered in BLADE of October 19.—SARAH OSWALD.

Will some one tell me what rules I need to follow when I go to try spectacles, and something that will strengthen my sight? Does the color of envelopes of letters follow any law of etiquet?

Also I would like some teachers to tell me how they can get pupils to remember many lessons by memory, or what the pupils can do so they can remember what they learn?—INQUIRER.

Have any of the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD ever used "Vaseline" for the hair? If so, what is the result?

Can some one tell me what treatment the plant known as the "Hoya" (Wax Flower) requires?—A READER.

Will some kind reader please send me the recipe for the oil of egg? I have tried several times, but can get no oil. And is it good for deafness?—RORA, Oregon.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Corn Husker" wants to know what will keep the hands from cracking in corn husking. I always saturate mine with glycerine after cleaning them well with a good brush and castile soap. It is best to do it just before going to bed and while the hands are damp. I never find any difficulty with my hands with that treatment.—A READER.

In reply to "Corn Husker" for a remedy to prevent hands from cracking, use pine tar; rub the parts of the hands most exposed to wear when starting into the field and carry the tar with you so as to repeat the application as it wears off. At night wash the hands thoroughly with warm water and castile soap, then rub with glycerine.—S. M. RICKER, Dillsburg, Champaign County, Ills.

"Beatrice" will please send me the patterns and directions for making feather-edge trimming and rick-rack.—A. C. BEISSER, Third Ward, Zanesville, O.

If "A Mourner" will send me her stamp and address to Box 219, Battle Creek, Ida County, Iowa, I will send her some double white feverfew suitable for a grave.—H. L. S.

Answer to the person who writes over the signature of "Great Sufferer." Tell them to diet themselves and eat very frequently of the dried skins which line the chicken's gizzards—it furnishes a gastric juice which is what they need to dissolve their food—and drink cold English camomile tea.—MARY W. MAGARR.

In acceptance of "Beatrice's" offer in the BLADE of October 19, to send samples of feather edge and rick rack lace, with directions, and also in hopes of receiving something to cheer my lonely hours, as one other correspondent promises, I send my address. —NANNIE DOAN, Elgin, Fayette County, Iowa.

I wish to say to "Lallah Rookh," of August 24, that if he or she will scratch the chigger and apply ammonia, that they will not be troubled again.—LOVESICK.

If "Fanny," of Massachusetts, will have some of the flour analyzed, she may ascertain the cause of her difficulty. Flour highly adulterated with pulverized stone produces just that kind of bread. There are numerous factories which manufacture flour adulteration from stone, in the country (two in Berks County, Pa., which turns out tons daily,) and the use of the nefarious article has become quite general among millers, inasmuch as it can be easily detected when strongly adulterated.—SUBSCRIBER, Marysville, Pa.

Recipes.

Cold Catsup.—½ pk. ripe tomatos chopped fine, 1 cup of onions chopped, 1 cup grated horseradish, ½ cup of salt, 1 cup of sugar, ¾ lb. of white mustard seed, ¾ lb. of black mustard seed, 2 teaspoonfuls celery seed, 1 teaspoonful red pepper, 1 teaspoonful black pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, 2 teaspoonfuls cloves; cup in cans cold; it will keep for years.—MRS. W. C. CAMPBELL, Corning, N. Y.

A Good Cheap Soup.—Prepare all the ingredients as for cooking, slicing everything so as to cook quickly, potatos, pork, beef, cabbage, onions and turnips. A layer of one and then another, and pepper and salt of course. Boil in a kettle with enough water to cover nicely. This is called Sailor Soup, and will cook in half an hour, and is very good.—MRS. F. A. M.

Potato Salad.—Take eight to 10 good-sized, well-boiled potatos, barely cooled, and cut in a salad bowl in slice. Have ready the following dressing and pour over them boiling hot; mix lightly and serve quite cold. Do not put it on the ice, as it congeals the fat and spoils the consistence:

Dressing—One cupful of bacon, cut very small with shears, fry to a brown crisp, add one small onion, shredded fine; fry a moment or two, add a wine-glass of vinegar, a dust of pepper and a little salt. Pour over potatos as directed. Use all the fat that comes from the bacon, as it takes the place of oil. A few bits of boiled beet root or a little chopped parsely adds to the looks of this dish.

English Walnut Cake.—Butter the size of an egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1½ tablespoonfuls baking powder, 1½ cups flour. Bake in three slices. Filling—One pound English walnuts chopped; 1 cup of equal parts whisky and water, 1 cup sugar, whites two eggs, well beaten. Boil all but eggs; add them cold, and stir till quite cool. Put in between layers. It is best 24 hours old at least. JANET.

Minnehaha Cake.—1 1-2 cups of white sugar, 1-2 cup of butter, 3 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, put into 2 cups heaping full of flour, 1 teaspoonful of soda in 1-2 cup of sweet milk or water, flavor. Bake in three jelly tins. Take 1 cup of sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls water, boil until very thick, stir in the white of 1 egg beaten to a froth. Have a cupful of raisins chopped fine, stoned of course, stir all together and spread between cakes.—PUSS.

Pumpkin Pie.—Cut, peel and slice what is called cow pumpkin. Boil with very little water, just enough to keep from burning, till soft and then let the water boil off till it is dry. If it browns just the least bit it is better, run through the culendar. Now take one quart of the pumpkin, two quarts of good sweet milk, one teacupful of sugar, (perhaps some would like it sweeter) one tablespoonful of ginger, one dozen eggs. This is the genuine Yankee pumpkin pie. Of course you have to make crust and bake. —MRS. F. A. WAIKLE.

RUSSIANS STUDYING AMERICA.

The Mission of Mr. Bezkrovoff, an Agent of the Czar's Government.

Mr. Bezkrovoff, a Russian engineer, is in this City. He said to a reporter yesterday: "Our Government ordered me to study your ways and means of transportation. We have a costly system of canals uniting our seas, the Baltic, the White, the Caspian, and the Black; we have many great navigable rivers, and besides, we have built tens of thousands of versts of railroads, and yet transportation in our country is in its infancy. Thousands of tons of grain rot annually at our railroad stations, for there are no stores. In the southern part of Russia there is abundance of fish, meat, vegetables, and other provisions, and yet in the northern part of the country the people cannot afford to buy those provisions, for the cost of transportation puts it beyond their means. We have plenty of coal and kerosene, but at St. Petersburg, and even at Moscow, the English coal and the American kerosene are cheaper than the Russian. Our canals and railroads don't pay to the Government the cost of keeping."

"Have you found out how to make them pay?"

"From what I have learned here, I shall have to urge my Government to withdraw altogether from the railroad business, leaving it in the hands of private persons. As to the canals, I have no remedy to suggest but a radical reform of the official management."

"Have other Russian been sent to this country on missions similar to yours?"

"Yes, many. Your coal mines, your methods of boring for oil, your grain elevators, and your agricultural machines have been studied by Russian Commissioners. Besides the Government, our various companies occasionally send agents here to study different branches of trade and industry."

"Can the Czar's Government profit much by such studies?"

"I don't believe that the autocrat can profit by adopting the ways and means of a republican people, but our people can. The greatest evil of the autocratic system is that the Government interferes with private undertakings, thus thwarting individual energy. Now they have realized that that system is ruining the business of the country, and in order to remedy the evil they want to study and to imitate the methods of business here. But that is beginning from the end."

"What would be a right beginning?"

"A committee sent here by the people to learn the system of your republican Government, under which trade and agriculture are thriving so admirably. We shall come to that yet."

Mr. Travers and Two Confidence Men.

New York World.

Mr. William K. Travers tells the following story of himself, and vouches for its being a new and true one: As he was leaving his office on Thursday last a well-dressed man approached him and, greeting him very cordially, said, "How do you do, sir? I am very glad to see you. When did you arrive in the City?"

"Er—er—e—ex—c-c-c-use me-me, sir," said Mr. Travers, "You—you have evidently mis—mis—mistaken me for s-s-somebody else."

"Are you not Mr. Andrews, of Poughkeepsie?" queried the man.

"N-n-no, sir; my name is Tr-Tr Travers," he replied, whereupon the man, with many apologies, made off.

Mr. Travers quietly walked up Broadway, looking in the shop windows, as is his habit, when he was suddenly stopped by a man, who, rushing up to him, offered his hand and said: "How do you do, Mr. Travers? I am so glad to see you! I heard you were in town and have been looking out for you everywhere."

"Pa-pa-par-don me, sir," said Mr. Travers, blandly. "My name is not Ter-Ter-Travers; I-I-I am Mr. An-An-An-Andrews, from Pok-Pok-Poughkeepsie."

"Made New Again."

Mrs. Wm. D. Ryckman, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—*made new again*' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

Our Young Folks.

THE YELLOW PANE.

When overhead the gray clouds meet,
And the air is heavy with mist and rain,
She clambers up to the window seat,
And watches the storm through the yellow pane.

At the painted window she laughs with glee:
She smiles at the clouds with a sweet disdain,
And calls: "Now, Papa, it's sunshine to me,"
As she presses her face to the yellow pane.

Dear child, in life should the gray clouds roll,
Heavy with grief, o'er thy path amain,
Stealing the sunlight from thy soul,
God keep for thee somewhere a yellow pane!

TUCKERTOWN TROUBLES.

There was a great church bother in Tuckertown last year, but our folks weren't in it. The trouble began in the choir, who couldn't agree about the tunes. On some Sundays the organist wouldn't play, and on others the singers wouldn't sing. Once, they all stopped short in the middle of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and it was real exciting at church, for you never knew what

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Bad Effects of the Wheat Speculation of 1881-2.

Mr. Orange Judd presents valuable notes on Grain Speculation in the November *American Agriculturist*.

Very great harm has been done to this country by the gambling speculators in the wheat crop of 1881, and the evil effects are likely to continue during many future years. We may feel coming to be the constant and chief feeder of Great Britain, and, at frequent intervals, of other parts of Western Europe. England, with her limited home territory, and her teeming manufacturing population, never produces anywhere near as much breadstuffs as her people consume, without the fact that by thorough cultivation, and the use of liberal fertilizers, her wheat crop averages from 30 to 35 bushels per acre, or more than double the average yield of this country. The great improvements in transportation facilities from our grain regions to and across the Atlantic, enables us to successfully compete with the producers of Southern Europe, largely relied upon. This price has continued had prices largely determined by the relative supply and demand.

But taking advantage of the short crops of 1881, a class of speculators here bought and controlled our surplus, and put up prices so high that English dealers could not afford to buy. They therefore began canvassing every other available source. They sent their agents to dealers to gather up even small lots of wheat in India, and to not less than 20 countries, from localities almost inaccessible, but also to draw upon the "reserves" usually held against temporary drouths or damage to the crops from other causes. The supplies were brought from remote points not only in India, but in Australia and elsewhere, and laid down in Great Britain at rates less than they could be taken from our own farms. Large quantities of imported breadstuffs, even when they were purchased mounted to only a very few cents a bushel.

The result is, that all these foreign lands have been stimulated to very greatly enlarge their production, and with the latter to offset the longer carriage, they will hereafter supply a very large portion of the breadstuffs which would otherwise be drawn from this country. So our wheat growers can not indulge any reason, while prices remain high as they are hereafter, except now and then, in years likely to be far apart, when there may be a chance general failure of crops throughout all the rest of the world. It would have been an immense gain to our farmers in the long run, if they had subscribed 10, 20, or 50 million dollars, exacted the sum to the speculators, and sent them into retirement. But this evil has been done and there is no help for it. It will be worth while for the next Legislatures of the various States to try to see if there was not some way to effectually deal with gambling in breadstuffs carried on by dealing in "margins."

A Crop of Oats.

We have been in the practice for many years of sowing oats at the rate of a bushel per acre, for the purpose of seeding the land to grass, and harrowing in the grass seed after the oats were a few inches high by means of a harrow with fine teeth, which would merely bury the seed. In every instance the crop of oats has been heavy, much too heavy for the best success, in some seasons and on some fields, while well, and in others has partially failed. Where a portion of the land has been left unharrowed for comparison, the contrast was great in the size of the straw of the oats, the stalks being one half larger on the harrowed portion. There has been an exception to the rule, that the crop has regularly increased its growth. Any fine harrow will answer for this work, and if the teeth have a slant backwards, all the better. The crop of the present season was an exceptional one, and perhaps merits a more particular notice. It was taking advantage of the short crops of 1881, a class of speculators here bought and controlled our surplus, and put up prices so high that English dealers could not afford to buy. They therefore began canvassing every other available source. They sent their agents to dealers to gather up even small lots of wheat in India, and to not less than 20 countries, from localities almost inaccessible, but also to draw upon the "reserves" usually held against temporary drouths or damage to the crops from other causes. The supplies were brought from remote points not only in India, but in Australia and elsewhere, and laid down in Great Britain at rates less than they could be taken from our own farms. Large quantities of imported breadstuffs, even when they were purchased mounted to only a very few cents a bushel.

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Is the Pig a Nuisance?

Is the pig a nuisance in the Village? He is, and he is not, just as he is managed. On the farm, he has his place yet, as an indispensable worker, and cheap source of food and fertilizers. But in the Village, where orderly sanctimony interfere with profits, people are getting fastidious, and avoid the pig pen as a nuisance. It would be a nuisance, perhaps, under the eaves of the dwelling, managed in almost any way. But at the end of the Village lot, where the barn, if there be one, is located, there the pig may be safely and profitably kept because of its use, or nostril, and with decided profit, if it is the cheapest source of good pork, ham, bacon, sausage, headcheese, and lard, that a villager can have. As a manufacturer of fertilizers for the village garden, the pig cannot be beaten. He turns every bit of vegetable, fruit, and all kitchen waste into gold. "Ah! but he squeals!" Then feed him more, and he will be quiet as a lamb, all day and all night. "Ah, but the pen is unsightly!" That is your fault, not his. Even the eye has its esthetics, and it may be made "a thing of beauty and a joy forever if you like." "Well, he smells badly, anyway." No, sir. Not, if you take proper care of him. Give him a sheltered lower for his nest, and plenty of straw or leaves and he will keep his bed as clean as a parlor. Give him plenty of muck or peat, garden soil, head lands, or sherbents of any kind, and he will so thoroughly observe the Mosaic law in regard to waste, that no neighbor of yours shall mistrust that a pig is within a mile of your premises. The health committee of the village will never smell you, or enter complaint against your sty. Do not lay your sins of omission at the door of the best beast. He has his esthetic side, and only requires a fair share of attention to be made ornamental, as well as useful. Please take particular notice that we raise our own pork, eat home-cured hams, and know the woman who makes our sausage meat.—Wm. Cupp, in *American Agriculturist for November.*

Experiments in Cutting Hay.

The results of some tests to prove the value of hay made at different stages of growth have recently been made public, by the Pennsylvania State College. It appears that analysis corroborates the results of other experiments, that hay cut in blossom contains a larger percentage of nitrogen and that cut after the seed has formed, a larger percentage of crude fiber, and larger proportion of fat and ash. In another series of experiments, timothy cut very early, or as the heads were just appearing, when converted to "air-dry hay," lost an average of 70 per cent. of water; when just beginning to bloom, it lost 60 per cents, and when somewhat past blossom (about the usually approved condition), it lost 57 per cent. of water. These specimens were much drier than common hay, having been stored three months in a dry room. Further examinations were made as to the relative quantity of hay yielded from a given area when cut early or late. In a series of experiments, the increase in weight from the time the grass was in bloom to a period when it was nearly ripe, was about 50 per cent. Seventh when first put into the barn. When lying in the barn till Winter, the decrease in weight in the early cut hay variety varied from 22 to 30 per cent. The decrease in weight in the late cut hay varied from 30 to 40 per cent. These experiments, which are easily repeated by every farmer on a small or large scale, give valuable advice to those who have to charge for hay fresh from the meadow, or stored long in the barn; and if hay sells at $10 fresh from the meadow, it should bring $12.50 if taken from the barn in Winter, not estimating the additional labor of storing and drawing again.

A Cheap Apple House.

I built on a little side hill where I dug 3½ feet at upper corner and a foot at lowest end or door, 12x14 feet inside, oak plank plank posts from bottom ground to top of ground, three feet; planked on the outside with two-inch pine plank; put an oak plank on these posts and spiked the end ones on the sides. My studding was 14 inches thick by eight inches wide—the width of sills—and five feet long. Sunk an oak lath on the inside top of studding for joists to rest on, which made seven feet story clear of joist plate; 2x4 hemlock scantling for plate, rafters and board roof. Now I have four feet only from door through lengthwise, and four foot shelf on each side for apples, with movable divisions to keep each kind of apples by itself. Shelves one foot from ground. A window on each side, six lights, 8x 10 glass, and one in one end, door in other; the sash slide up in wall, weather-boarded outside and lined inside with eight inches of sawdust all around; floor above with a foot of sawdust, with a box one foot square at lower end, 4x5 at top through the roof to pass off the gas, which is a very important thing. Then I have inside windows with four inches sawdust, box-fashion; windows run on slides on the inside to keep out frost. Closed them up twice last winter. My inside door made the same way, but runs on two rollers. I shut it once last winter. Not the least sign of freezing in there. I never had apples keep as good before. I put about 50 bushels in last Fall and had apples till July this year. I would not take $100 for it now, and it took me but 15 days to build it, all told. My glass, sash and nails cost some $4 or $5, and about 2,500 feet of lumber I had to haul 40 rods from our sawmill.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

Training Vicious Horses.

A new and very simple method of training vicious horses was exhibited at West Philadelphia recently, and the manner in which some of the wildest horses were subdued by the Philadelphia *Record* calls astonishing. The first trial was that of a kicking or "bucking" mare, which her owner said had allowed no rider on her back for a period of at least five years. She became tame in about as many minutes, and allowed herself to be ridden about without a sign of her former wildness. The means by which the result was accomplished was by a piece of light rope which was passed around the front of the jaw of the mare just above the upper teeth, crossed in her mouth, thence passed back of her neck. It was claimed that no horse will kick or jump when thus secured, and that a horse, after receiving the treatment a few times will abandon his vicious ways forever. A very simple method was also shown by which a kicking horse could be shod. It consisted in connecting the animal's head and tail by means of a rope fastened to the tail and then to the bit, drawn tightly enough to incline the animal's head to one side. This, it is claimed, makes it absolutely impossible for the horse to kick on the side of the rope. At the same exhibition a horse which for many years had to be bound on the ground to be shod, suffered the blacksmith to operate on him without attempting to kick, while secured in the manner described.

Clover's Good Points.

A good crop of clover removes from the soil more potash, phosphoric acid, lime and other mineral matters, which enter into the composition of the ashes of our cultivated crops, than any other crop usually grown in this country. There is fully three times as much nitrogen in a crop of clover as in the average product of the grain and straw of wheat per acre. Clover is an excellent preparatory crop for wheat. During the growth of clover a large amount of nitrogenous matter accumulates in the soil. This accumulation, which is greatest in the surface soil, is due to the decaying leaves dropped during the growth of clover, and to an abundance of roots, containing, when dry, 1½ to 2 per cent. of nitrogen. The clover roots are stronger and more numerous, and more leaves fall on the ground, when clover is ground for seed, than when it is mown for hay; in consequence more nitrogen is left after clover than after hay. This crop causes a large accumulation of nitrogenous matters, which are gradually changed in the soil to nitrates. Clover not only provides an abundance of nitrogenous food but delivers this food in a readily available form (as nitrates) more gradually and continuously, and with more certainty of good result than such food can be applied to the land in the shape of nitrogenous Spring top-dressings.—*Prof. Voelecker.*

An Excellent Tonic.

Some poulterers neglect to furnish their fowls with proper stimulants or tonics at the proper times, because they see tincture of iron or some other medical-sounding preparation recommended. One of the best things we have found to give occasionally, especially in cold weather, is pure cayenne pepper in the drinking water and in the soft mash. The pepper should be of the best merchantable quality (for there is a good deal of this article in market that is adulterated with red wood), and the quantity used should not be so excessive as to render the drink (or red pepper tea) too strong. If unnecessarily pungent the birds will not drink it. When just enough is used, in a given quantity of water, the birds soon show a fondness for it, and *it does them good*, as we can vouch for it. It is a most excellent preventatives to gapes in chickens; and while it is healthy, warming and palatable to their taste, it has proved one of the best correctives of incipient colds and slight colds with fowls that is yet known, in quarters where it is not freely used. It is certainly easily administered, and should not be neglected on account of laziness on the part of the keeper.—*American Poultry Yard.*

Sunflower Seeds for Poultry.

Many farmers look upon the sunflower as simply a worthless weed, and never dream of the valuable qualities the seeds of this plant possesses. For several years they have been used by breeders of fancy poultry as a food for choice birds, in small quantities, they are mixed with other food, and the peculiar properties of the seeds impart a beautiful gloss which no grain will give to the plumage of the adult birds. For those who raise fancy fowls for exhibition, it is essential to success that the plumage should be in perfect condition, and to attain satisfactory results, we can recommend no more valuable aid than judicious feeding of this seed. It has long been known that the oil extracted from sunflower seed makes a dressing for the hair which is very beneficial, imparting a smoothness and vigor highly appreciated by all who have tried it. It grows very readily, and the poultryman should not forget this cheap and useful assistant to his labor.—*New York Evening Post.*

Plowing.

There is a pertain number of pounds a team can draw day after day and not worry them, but if a little more be added the horses walk unsteadily, fret, and soon tire. Every pound taken from the draft of the plow is a gain to them. For any soil, except sand and gravel, use a steel plow, and in plowing sod the colter does a great deal of the work, and should be kept sharp by grinding every day if necessary. It will wear out soon, but new colters are cheaper than new teams. When the share is worn replace it with a new one at once.—*Practical Farmer.*

Fall Plowing in the Garden.

It is an excellent plan to plow the field-garden in the Fall, and re-plow again in the Spring. If it can be plowed early early enough in the Autumn to allow the weed-seed in the ground to start, they will be out of the way the coming season. If manure can be plowed under in the beginning of autumn, it will be well rotted and become incorporated with the soil better. Coarse manure is unsuited to vegetables, but if plowed under in the early part of the Fall it will be all right by Spring. When this is not practicable, it is best to compost the manure during Winter.—*American Garden.*

Rats.

A writer in the Scientific Monthly says: "We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in which a rat may go we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been around the house. Every Spring a coat of the yellow wash is given to the cellar as a purifier and rat-exterminator.

Voice of the People.

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully,

JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

—The Howe Scales took first premium at Philadelphia, Paris, Sydney, and other exhibitions. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago.

The Sunday School.

Jesus Mocked and Crucified.

LESSON 8, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1882.

GOLDEN TEXT.—They pierced my hands and my feet.—Psa. 22: 16.

LESSON TEXT.
Mark 15: 16-36.

16. And the soldiers led him away into the hall, called Prætorium; and they call together the whole band.

17. And they clothed him with purple, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head.

18. And began to salute him, Hail, King of the Jews!

19. And they smote him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon him, and bowing their knees worshipped him.

20. And when they mocked him, they took off the purple from him, and put his own clothes on him, and led him out to crucify him.

21. And they compel one Simon a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear his cross.

22. And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, the place of a skull.

23. And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh; but he received it not.

24. And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments, casting lots upon them, what every man should take.

25. And it was the third hour, and they crucified him.

26. And the superscription of his accusation was written over, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The soldiers led him away (v. 16.) It seems at times, as if wicked men were having everything their own way. Good men are in their power. The right seems crushed. All that was accomplished in the line of reform appears to be lost. Then it is, that faith is tested. It was easy enough for the disciples to believe in Jesus as he entered Jerusalem in triumph, with the populace shouting his praises, in defiance of the Jewish authorities. But when the disciples saw him, in seeming helplessness, led away by the soldiers in the darkness of the night, they must follow him by faith, if at all. There was no help then in sight. And it is in such an hour as that, that our confidence in a friend, or in a cause, or in our Savior, will show its reality and its measure.

And when they had mocked him (v. 20.) How common it is to mock at those who are overthrown, or defeated, or who are conspicuously unsuccessful! The world's question concerning a struggle is not, Is it right? Is it a success? If a man wins a fight he is a hero and a patriot. If he loses it, he is a foolish rebel. The world's opinion doesn't affect the right and wrong of a contest; but the seeming success or failure of those engaged in a contest settles the world's opinion of right or wrong. He who loves the right will not be swayed from it by the world's cheers or jeers; but he may know that the world will be swayed by his success or failure. It ought to strengthen us against the world's opinion, when we are temporarily unsuccessful in the right, to remember that the Son of God was mocked by the common soldiers of the Roman army because of his lack of seeming success.

They compel one Simon to bear his cross (v. 21.) It may be that Simon thought that that was a hard task and a shameful one; and he may have wondered that God permitted it. But he did for Simon have done, or what could have been done for him, that would have redounded to his honor, that would have so uplifted him in sacred history, that would have been more a cause of grateful recollection to him throughout eternity? Do you suppose that Simon now regrets that that cross pressed down so heavily upon his shoulders, as he groaned under its weight on the way to Calvary? Do you suppose that Alexander and Rufus were sorry, long afterwards, that their father had had that task assigned to him? How ashamed they would be now, if they were ever ashamed of that! Let us beware how we misread the privileges of our burden-bearing! That which we shrink from and which we groan under, and which we wonder was ever laid upon us, may be a cross which we are to bear for Jesus, and by which we are to "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ."

"Strange words, and even stranger thought;
But yet to inspiration due,
We fill up trials which is behind'
Of all the sufferings which Jesus knew.

"We are thy body, Lord, and what
As once the glorious members bore,
Thy suffering members still supply,
To 'fill up' what thou didst forego."

What bitter mistake it would be for us to refuse the work of Simon the Cyrenian when it was tendered to us in the providence of God! And there is a danger of just this mistake on any believer's part.

And they crucified him (v. 25.) And they would crucify him again, or put him to death some way, if he would come to earth now as before. The spirit of Jesus Christ is in the main hateful to the world, and men will oppose it bitterly whenever it manifests itself. Cain killed Abel because of Abel's goodness, not because of any sin in Abel, and wherever there is an Abel to serve God faithfully, there is a Cain close at hand to strike at him for so doing. It is not that every phase of goodness is hateful to the world, but that all goodness has some type to which the world hates, and it is for that that murder is planned. It was not because Jesus fed the hungry and healed the sick and cast out devils, and raised the dead, and spoke loving words to children and their parents that he was hated by the world. Some hated him because he interfered with their hog-raising, or their dove-selling, or their money-changing. Some felt stung by the whip of small cords, and others by his denunciations of their meanness and hypocrisy and hollow-heartedness. Some had theological differences with him; and others thought that he was in their way politically. It would be much the same now. Jesus would be denounced by some as holding exploded notions about hell-fire; by some as being too puritanical and strait-laced; by some as altogether too loose in his doctrinal views, or as holding dangerous political opinions. Not because his loving lips were ready to say to those whom he knew as his truest and best disciples, "Come ye blessed of my Father," did Jesus provoke hatred and enmity from the world, but because the same lips were ready to declare to others, "Depart from me, ye cursed into everlasting fire," the world rose up and crucified him. Jesus Christ has not changed since then; nor has the nature of man—or men.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ARABI PROPOSES A COMPROMISE.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—The Times, in an editorial, says: "It is believed that a compromise has been offered or is about to be offered to the British Government, the purport of which is that Arabi Pasha will be allowed to expatriate himself and live in exile. The proposal, however, is unacceptable.

HOUSES OF JEWS PLUNDERED.

VIENNA, Nov. 2.—The Press publishes the announcement that houses of Jews in the town of Goss, Hungary, have been plundered by anti-Semitic mobs. Other outrages accompanied these lawless movement against the Hebrews. One woman, wife of a merchant, was killed during the trouble.

OVER ONE HUNDRED SAILORS DROWNED.

MADRID, Nov. 2.—An official dispatch from Manilla states that 20 merchant ships were lost and over 100 sailors were drowned during the terrible typhoon which occurred October 20.

RUSSIAN NIHILISTS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 2.—A revival of Nihilist activity has been observable lately. Last night the police broke up a meeting of 200 members of a secret society that was being held at Pottowa. A number of those present were arrested, but many escaped through windows. The object of the society appears to be unknown to the authorities, although suspected of being revolutionary, as the organ of the Nihilists has declared a revolution imminent.

Starting a Fire with Coal Oil.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 2.—Anna Day, 20 years of age, a woman of the town, who got out of the Workhouse a short time ago, was horribly and probably fatally burned last evening while starting a fire with coal oil. She was somewhat under the influence of liquor at the time. About six o'clock she started a fire in a little stove in her one room at 119 East Front street, and to make it burn better poured on a quantity of coal oil. The entire contents of the can were ignited, the woman's clothing caught fire, and she was burned from the neck down. She was taken to the hospital, where her injuries were pronounced fatal. Several persons ran in upon hearing the unfortunate's screams, but could do little for her, as her dress was already destroyed. Her sufferings were alleviated when the patrol wagon arrived at the house, as the officers covered her with linseed oil and lime water.

Five Children Poisoned.

HOUSTON, Tex., Oct. 31.—Five children aged from six to eight years—three children of H. N. McConnel, one child of J. R. Morris, Jr., and one child of Dr. A. A. McBride—were poisoned on Friday last by eating locust beans, and all died on Saturday night in convulsions.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE promotes sleep when the nervous system is overworked or worried by care and anxiety.

THE JEANNETTE CREW.

Charges that Jealousy, Petty Persecutions and Drunkenness Led to the Loss of DeLong's Party---Melville Assailed.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 3.—The Tribune prints an interview with Dr. D. F. Collins, of this City, brother of the late Jerome J. Collins, scientist of the Jeannette expedition. Dr. Collins says:

"We have evidence that Capt. DeLong used his official position as commander of the expedition to persecute in every conceivable way some of the members of the commission. My brother was placed under arrest for no reason whatever. This Lieut. Danenhower admitted to me in New York. Capt. DeLong refused to allow my brother at certain times to do any kind of work and purposely allowed the notes, photographs and records of the expedition prepared by my brother to sink. We have evidence the Captain forced him to remain behind, when he volunteered to go ahead with Ninderman and Noros in search of relief, my brother being in the best condition of any member of the party to do so. There is evidence that Bartlett, who is now in Siberia, one of the searchers, is in possession of valuable facts, but we believe he has been kept in Siberia purposely by the officers of the expedition, so that his testimony may not get before the Board. We are also in possession of full information that on Melville finding the bodies of the DeLong party, he used the most blasphemous and sacrilegious language concerning my brother's body. We also have reason to believe the reports made by Melville as to the condition of the weather which he alleged prevented him going to the relief of the DeLong party were false, for the dates on which he declared the weather was bad are shown to have been good by the records."

Collins further asserts that jealousy existed between certain officers of the expedition, the trouble first beginning, as he learns, over an order to the effect that all the men should undergo a physical examination monthly. Collins and Danenhower were neither permitted to assist in the retreat. Dr. Collins adds, "We happen to know that Kusmon requested Melville to go to DeLong's relief himself, or send some one, and that Melville would do neither. He first gave an order to Danenhower to go and then countermanded it. Kusmon and Shagra were 15 days in making the round trip to Beloun, from the spot at which Melville's party was. Two days each way was ample time for the journey. During the trip these men got drunk and Melville knew it. While they were gone in search of DeLong, Melville and those with him made chessmen and had checker boards and amused themselves, leaving the work of searching for their companions to two drunken natives. We have reasonable ground for being certain that there was a considerable amount of intoxicants drank during the 15 days they waited the return of the two natives. We know from conversations with surviving members, that certain letters and papers which we believe were on my brother's person have never been seen by his superiors in the institutions. She ignored her three cousins, beyond leaving one lady, the wife of a medical man named Scott, $2,000. These relatives impugned the will on the ground of the testatrix's insanity. The case excited great interest from the amount involved, and from the contradictory evidence given by hosts of medical experts and others who had known Miss Scott in her lifetime. Although possessed of such immense wealth, she ceased to be a veritable miser. For years before her death she lived isolated and alone in the old family mansion in the suburbs of the City, until the dust and filth became so intolerable that the Board of Health had to interfere. She refused even to employ a female domestic, but allowed an old man to visit the house daily to do the chores. She died without an attendant and when the executors took possession thousands of dollars were found rolled up in a scrap of old paper. Not the least remnant of food was discovered in the house, and the doctors thought she starved herself to death. The Court in elaborate judgment upheld the will, but admitted the eccentricity of the testatrix.

Denying His Marriage.

DANVILLE, Ill., Nov. 2.—The jury in the Court of Funk vs. Funk, which has been on trial for one week in the Vermillion Circuit Court, rendered its verdict this morning. Miss Melissa Funk, of Attica, Ind., brought suit against George W. Funk, a wealthy banker of Bloomington, Ill., for separate maintenance, claiming they were married at Decatur, Ill., September 29, 1871. He contended they were not. The only document to prove it was the certificate of marriage signed by a Justice, now dead. A very large number of witnesses were examined. The jury finds that the complainant and defendant were married. Hon. Leonard Swett, of Chicago, Hon. L. Nelson, of Bloomington, and Senator D. W. Voorhees, were the counsel.

Church Extension Society.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2.—The M. E. Church Extension Society met here to-day. The report gave $192,277 as the receipts during the past year, of which $106,085 was loaned to churches on general account and $61,484 on loan account. The society has aided 243 churches by donations only, 31 by loans only, and 109 by both donations and loans, or one church aided every week day of the year, with 84 over. Fifty-nine frontier churches were aided under the plan which provides for the building of 40 churches on the frontier. Seventy-two were aided last year, and 31 churches, with 900 members, were erected at a cost of $236,955.

Wisconsin's Revenues.

MADISON, Nov. 3.—The State Treasurer's forthcoming report will present figures for the fiscal year ended September 30 as follows:

Balance to credit of different funds at commencement of the fiscal year	$ 836,300 20
Receipts passed into the treasury during the year including this balance	3,160,329 41
Disbursements during the year	2,693,685 00
Balance in treasury Oct. 1, 1882	526,633 66
General fund receipts	1,263,074 90
General fund disbursements	1,185,807 54
Revenue received from State tax, including tax raised for the support of the university insane asylums, and the industrial school	567,794 56
From railway companies	51,582 64
From peddlers and show licenses	14,080 36
Insurance commissioners' fees collected	15,807 00

A Costly Halloween Lark.

MILLERSBURG, Nov. 2.—Warrants were issued to-day for a gang of about 15 persons who are charged with maliciously destroying a large amount of property night before last, in Monroe Township. Buggies were broken up, saw mill belts cut and destroyed, and a general destruction of property took place. It is estimated that nearly $1,000 worth of property was destroyed.

—Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves coughs quicker than any other medicine.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

ECCENTRIC, BUT SANE.

A Miserly Old Maiden Lady Who Willed All Her Property to Public Objects.

MONTREAL, Nov. 2.—The long-pending lawsuit in which the validity of the will of the late Barbara Scott, an eccentric old maiden lady, was contested, was decided here to-day in the Superior Court by Judge Loranger. Deceased had inherited immense wealth as a last survivor of her immediate family. This she willed to public objects, giving $40,000 to McGill University for the foundation of a school of engineering, leaving the remainder of her estate to hospitals, churches and public benevolent institutions. She ignored her three cousins, beyond leaving one lady, the wife of a medical man named Scott, $2,000. These relatives impugned the will on the ground of the testatrix's insanity. The case excited great interest from the amount involved, and from the contradictory evidence given by hosts of medical experts and others who had known Miss Scott in her lifetime. Although possessed of such immense wealth, she ceased to be a veritable miser. For years before her death she lived isolated and alone in the old family mansion in the suburbs of the City, until the dust and filth became so intolerable that the Board of Health had to interfere. She refused even to employ a female domestic, but allowed an old man to visit the house daily to do the chores. She died without an attendant and when the executors took possession thousands of dollars were found rolled up in a scrap of old paper. Not the least remnant of food was discovered in the house, and the doctors thought she starved herself to death. The Court in elaborate judgment upheld the will, but admitted the eccentricity of the testatrix.

Public Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The following is a statement of the public debt for the month ending Oct. 31:

Bonds at 6 per cent, cont'd at 3½	$ 8,400,693
Fives continued at 3½	135,356,350
Four and one-halfs	250,000,000
Fours	738,929,600
Threes	239,370,500
Refunding certificates	423,750
Navy pension fund	14,000,000
Total interest-bearing debt	$1,418,080,900
Interest	10,040,211
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity—	
Principal	$ 11,588,945
Interest	482,613
Debt bearing no interest—	
Old demand and legal-tenders	$ 346,740,396
Certificates of deposit	9,945,000
Gold and silver certificates	99,968,150
Fractional currency	7,079,185
Total without interest	$ 463,679,731
Unclaimed Pacific Railway interest	5,339
Total debt, principal	$1,893,818,877
Total interest	10,528,935
Cash in Treasury	$ 275,386,199
Debt, less cash in Treasury—	
November 1, 1882	$1,628,491,042
October 1, 1882	1,644,120,228
Decrease during October	15,629,180
Decrease since June 30, 1882	60,425,413
Current liabilities—	
Interest due and unpaid	$ 2,256,003
Debt on which interest has ceased	11,588,945
Interest thereon	482,613
Gold and silver certificates	99,968,158
United States notes held for redemption of certificates of deposit	9,945,000
Cash balance available November 1, 1882	151,145,337
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	$ 275,386,199
Bonds issued to Pacific Railroad Companies, interest payable in lawful money, principal outstanding	64,623,512
Interest accrued and not yet paid	1,292,470
Interest paid by United States	55,844,682
Interest repaid by companies—	
By transportation service	15,838,859
By cash payments, 5 per cent. net earnings	655,198
Bonds of interest paid by United States	89,350,623

Alleged Irregularites in Longstreet's Accounts.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—Because of alleged irregularities in the accounts of Gen. Longstreet, United States Marshal for the Northern District of Georgia, an expert of the accounting division of the Treasury Department named Ballin has been sworn in to act temporarily as a special agent of the Department of Justice and will proceed to Georgia to investigate the accounts of Gen. Longstreet. The irregularities complained of, it is said, consist mainly of frivolous and unlawful charges, which are principally the work of deputy marshals. "They involve watchfulness more than integrity," said a prominent Treasury official to-day, "and are the same causes which result in trouble with the accounts of so many United States Marshals in the South."

Mangled by a Bear.

CENTRAL CITY, Col., Oct. 31.—William Poranteau, Superintendent of Gunnel Mine, while hunting near the head of Mammoth Gulch yesterday was attacked by a huge bear. He succeeded in killing the bear with a knife, but not until the bear had torn him in a frightful manner. His nose was torn out by the roots. It is thought he can not recover.

It Has Done Wonderful Things for Her.

So writes a daughter of the effect of Compound Oxygen on her mother, a lady in her sixty-ninth year, about whose case, when submitted to us for an opinion, we wrote discouragingly. After the first Treatment had been used up, this report was made: "You perhaps remember that when you gave her (my mother) your advice, you said that you did not think her case as hopeful as a majority of your patients, so that you cannot always tell in advance. *It has done wonderful things for her*, and I would have been glad if you could have witnessed them. *All the time she commenced taking the Oxygen, she did not think she could live very long.* She was feeble, very much depressed in spirits, a victim of extreme nervous prostration, with no special sign of disease, beside. *Life was almost a burden to her*, so dark and dreary was the whole world. *To-day she is cheerful*, with more strength and seeming vitality than most persons of her age—sixty-nine. *After a busy forenoon, she has gone a quarter of a mile to make calls.*" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, *sent free*. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL

Persists in Trying the Star Route Cases through the Medium of the Press—Another Interview.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has been interviewed upon Special Counsel Wells' report in the star route bribery case. Col. Ingersoll says:

"I have read the report, and I am very much obliged to Wells for making it. He has corroborated my statement in many particulars and has furnished so much evidence in favor of its absolute truth that I feel under certain obligations to him. I charged that Fall was employed by the Government at $10 a day—Wells admits it; that Nelson was employed at $60 a month—Wells admits it; that both these men were hired because Fall said he and Nelson had bribed Brown in a former case—Wells admits this. I also charged that Fall employed Foote, and that Foote brought Payne to Fall, and that Fall got Payne to offer Brown $2,500 for his vote; Wells admits this. The only difference between Wells' statement and my own, up this point, is as to the form of the written agreement Fall wrote for Brown to sign. All the evidence taken together shows without one shadow of doubt that Fall was employed by the Department of Justice, and that in the interest of his employers Fall endeavored to corrupt Brown. It is admitted by the Department of Justice that Fall not only made improper proposals to jurymen, but he carried his impudence to the extent of making an improper proposal to the Department of Justice. Wells substantially admits that Fall did go to Holmead and did tell him that all the other jurors were under the ban of suspicion, and that he (Holmead) was the only juror in whom the Attorney General had any confidence. Holmead did not regard this conversation as an attempt to bribe him, and so stated; but, as a matter of fact, to approach a juror in that way is just as reprehensible as to offer him money. It is infamous. The real question, and the only question really in the case, was whom was Fall acting for? Was he acting for the Government or for the defense? Suppose it turns out the defendants were paying Fall $10 a day and the Department of Justice nothing, would it be possible to make any human being believe he was acting for the Department of Justice? It is admitted the Department paid him $10 per day, and the supposition is he was at work for his employers, and without some possible testimony to the contrary no one can be compelled to believe he did what he did for the Department of Justice. He says he was engaged by the Department and worked for the Department. That it was his business to find whether any jurors had been approached and whether any jurors could be approached, and no objection was made by the Department to that kind of business. It has been charged and proven that after Fall was discharged on the 17th of July, he was re-employed under the name of F. Hill, and he was paid $800 for information furnished in criminal prosecutions, and he received the money under the name of F. Hill. On the 24th of October, Fall being somewhat uneasy in mind, wrote a letter to Nelson, as follows:

"'JIM—I am told the Government will abandon me and say I tried to bribe the jury for the defense, and also that you and I bribed Brown in the Long case. I do not believe you gave Brown a cent, and will stand by you if it comes to the worst. Should the Government abandon me, I shall expect your earnest support, and you may be as sured I shall not let you suffer for anything you have done for the Government through me. If the Government arrests me it will be an act of persecution, as you well know, and I intend fight it to the bitter end. I did what was done for the Government.

Yours truly, F. H. HALL.'

"I am contented after this to le

News of the Week

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

Hon. Alex. H. Stephens was Saturday inaugurated Governor of Georgia.

James Gordon Bennett arrived from Europe yesterday on the Germania.

Twelve new indictments were returned in New York Saturday for illegal registration.

Domestic infelicity caused the suicide of Garry Post, aged 17, at Milwaukee.

Rev. Robert D. Morris, D. D., for 23 years President of Oxford Female College, is dead.

The First National Bank of Hoopeston, Ill., has been authorized to begin business, Capital $50,000.

William Gibbs, while walking on the railroad track at Cleveland, was struck by an express train and instantly killed.

Sixteen States and the Territory of Alaska show an excess of postal receipts over expenditures for the past year.

F. W. Smith & Co., of Tombstone, Ariz., made an assignment to Lionel Jacobs, Monday. Liabilities, $172,000; assets reported at $130,000.

Mrs. Cramer, Jennie Cramer's mother, and her daughter Minnie, will remove from New Haven and reside in New York with Edward, the son.

The sum of $307,017 in silver five-cent pieces has been transferred from the Treasury to the Philadelphia Mint, to be coined into a like amount of dimes.

Gov. Blackburn, of Kentucky, defends his action in sending State troops to Cattlettsburg, while regretting the bloody business done there Wednesday.

The Democratic candidate for Sheriff of Allen County, Indiana, has brought an action for libel against the Fort Wayne Gazette, claiming $10,000 damages.

The saddle which was made for Pres. Garfield, just before his assassination, has been presented by Gen. Swaim to the managers of the Garfield Memorial Fair.

The Postoffice Department discourages the prospect for the reduction of postage likely to result from the surplus revenues and estimated surplus of next year.

Anthony Trollope's illness is not anything in the nature of a fit, but a paralysis of the head. He is fright fully better, and hopes are entertained of his complete recovery.

Inhabitants of Brattle station, Arlington, Mass., have a pear tree in full blossom. A gentleman at North Lexington picked green pears the past week and the pea vines are in blossom.

One of the benevolent New Yorkers who helped introduce the English sparrow here, has had to remove every bracket from his house and go to an expense of $100 for painting.

All but one of the rubber-working firms of the United States have entered the compact to resist the influence of speculative india-rubber, and to this end production is to be restricted.

A grizzly bear, recently killed on Wood river, Idaho, weighed 1,450 pounds, and had claws measuring seven inches in length. The skin was simply immense, and was shipped to San Francisco.

A ton of fine white paper was required on which to print the 600,000 ballots for, and in favor of, the amendment, the amendment of the Constitution in New York making the canals free of tolls.

The milk dealers of Rochester had a meeting the other night to remonstrate with the brewers against the advance in "grain" from 12 to 14 cents in Winter, and from 10 to 12 cents in Summer.

Washington butchers, dismayed at the success of the competition of Chicago dealers, have instituted legal measures to test the right of the latter to sell meat in the markets of the National Capital.

The Allen Steamship Company has brought suit for libel against the Montreal Witness, claiming $50,000 damages. The Witness charged illtreatment of the passengers on the steamer Sardinian.

Henry L. Clapp, of the firm of Fairbanks & Co., whose disappearance greatly alarmed his friends, has cabled his safe arrival in Europe. He was carried off by a steamer while talking to a friend in the cabin.

Patrick Carey, a New York longshoreman, crippled for life by the fall of a coal tub into the hold of the steamer Batavia, sued the Cunard steamship company, claiming $30,000 damages. A jury awarded him $2,000.

Several members of Mrs. John Shuff's family at Marietta, O., having died lately of typhoid fever, she imagined she had the same disease, and in spite of all her physicians could do, grew worse and died from fright.

Letters of administration have been granted by the Registrar of Wills of Frank Queen, publisher and proprietor of the New York Clipper, to his widow, Rebecca H. Queen. The personal estate is valued at about $150,000.

A gentleman residing near Clinton, La., and who has a pack of seven splendid setter hounds, has for some weeks been giving a chase of the fox, and has succeeded in running down and capturing to date exactly that number of the animals.

At West Chester, Pa., Charles Smith, aged 15 years, was sentenced to the penitentiary for six years for outrage and assault upon Edith Hall. The victim was simple-minded. Smith's accomplice in the crime was sent for three years to the county jail.

United States Senator Vest, of Missouri, had a narrow escape from drowning the other day while fishing in the Onachita River, South of Hot Springs, Ark. He was carried over a mildam in his boat and came near being swept away by the swift current.

At San Francisco the League of Freedom held a meeting, at which it was resolved to withdraw all previous nominations made out of the ranks of the different tickets and give an unqualified endorsement of the Democratic ticket, State, municipal and legislative.

In the Cincinnati Common Pleas Court, Judge Avery decided Saturday, in the suit for divorce of Elizabeth Severet vs. J. Albert Severet, that a previous Utah divorce was void, and as the plaintiff had a sufficient income to place her above want, alimony was refused.

The office of the Union Arrow, printed near Council Bluffs, Iowa, and which, while supporting the Republican ticket generally, has opposed Anderson, Republican nominee for Congress, was broken into the other night and the cases "pied" and other damage done.

Henry George writes that he neither entertained or expressed an intention to bring a claim against the British Government for his arrest in Ireland, and adds: "So far as I am concerned, the expression of regret which the British Government has made is a sufficient vindication of principle."

The Senate Judiciary Committee has been discussing the question whether the landgrants of the Northern Pacific, Texas Pacific, and Atlantic & Pacific railways have been forfeited by failure to comply with the provisions of the grants, and is understood to be divided eight to seven in favor of the railroads.

Delva Lockwood, the lawyer, who was the first to ride a bycicle in Washington City, is to be called into Court to explain how she came to swear she had $12,000 worth of property unincumbered, when District-Attorney Corkhill says that since she qualified in that amount he has found that her property is assessed only at $13,000, and is mortgaged at $16,000.

The annual report of Edward Clark, architect of the United States capitol, shows that the amount expended for the capitol extension during the year was $57,000; the sum of $57,000 for lighting the capitol and grounds, $30,000; for care and improvement of the same, $20,000; for extension of the Government Printing office, $40,000; enlarging the Washington Court House, $117,000.

The Wardens of the two Illinois State Penitentiaries report the following statistics: At Joliet—Prisoners on hand Oct. 1, 1,421; prisoners received in October, 76; discharged, 78; on hand Oct. 31, 1,419; males, 1,394; females, 25. At Chester—Prisoners on hand Oct. 1, 1,525; prisoners received in October, 46; discharged, 12; on hand Oct. 31, 1,559; males, 1,551; females, 8.

The total amount of the appropriations made by the last Congress, as officially computed by the Treasury Department, aggregates $251,428,117. To this should be added the Geneva award, amounting to about $10,000,000; postoffice expenditures $42,000,000, and indefinite permanent appropriations, including sinking fund, $130,000,000, making the total current liabilities during the fiscal year, $429,428,117.

While crazed with liquor Frank Adcock shot and instantly killed his brother-in-law, D. C. Baine, at the latter's residence, five miles from Hot Springs, Ark. Both men were in town on a drunken carousal, and quarreled and raved violently. The weapon used by Adcock was a double-barreled shotgun, both charges taking effect in the victim, penetrating the neck, shoulders and abdomen. Adcock escaped, but officers are in hot pursuit.

Col. N. A. Thompson, a clerk of the War Department, is the possessor of Gen. George Washington's farm cane. It is nothing more than an ordinary hickory stick, about one inch in diameter, cut off the Mount Vernon farm. It has a buck-horn head. The horn was taken from a buck which was killed on the farm. The cane was left by Washington to Col. Augustus Washington, who, when he died, left it to Col. W. D. Bell, a member of the "Society of the Cincinnati."

Gen. Sherman is acting Secretary of War during the absence of Sec. Lincoln.

All the prisoners in Prince George County, Va., Jail escaped, burning the lock from the door.

Hon. Jno. B. Stickney, United States District Attorney for the Northern District of Florida, died Sunday in his 35th year.

Henry Farmer, the defaulting Treasurer of the National Window Glass Workers' Association, was arrested at his home, in Pittsburg, Monday.

Beresford, the defeated candidate for Sheriff of Hamilton County on the Republican ticket, has given notice of contest to Hawkins, Sheriff-elect.

It is believed in Columbus that Judge Wm. White, of the Supreme Curt, will be the successor of the late Judge Swing in the United States District Court.

During the week ending Nov. 4, 1,032,000 standard silver dollars were put in circulation by the United States mints; same period last year, but 360,400 were circulated.

To-day the President will go to New York to vote. He expects to return to Washington on Thursday. He will probably not move into the White House before December.

James E. Anderson, editor of the Eureka, Nev., Leader, shot last Friday by G. J. Reek, Republican candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, died Monday morning.

Citizens of Texas, having walked into the nets set by swindling marriage insurance associations, are holding indignation meetings to denounce those who have profited by the frauds.

A young man claiming $5,000 damages for being put off a car of the Cincinnati Street Railroad by a conductor who refused to receive a transfer check, received $5 in the Court of Common Pleas.

According to the report of the committee appointed to investigate the charge of misconduct against Superintendent Crawford and Chief Clerk Hafer, of the Carson City mint, the charges were not sustained.

The Commissioner-General of the Land Office appointed H. C. St. John, of Kansas, law clerk of the General Land Office, to succeed G. B. Edmunds, resigned. St. John is a son of the Governor of Kansas.

The New Orleans Gas Light Company informed the City Council that, on account of non-payment on the part of the City for streets and no prospects of pay, the company will stop lighting the City November 8.

The following were chosen Directors of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad: Fred L. Ames, John Bloodgood, Myren P. Bush, Sidney Dillon, Wm. Dowd, Jay Gould, Geo. L. Gould, Solon Humphrey and Russel Sage.

The Garfield fair directors met last night and reported everything in reference to the coming exhibition as promising in the extreme. Thus far the greatest interest in the enterprise is manifested in the Southern States.

Henry P. Cooper, well-known New York tailor, was sent to a private lunatic asylum Sunday at the instance of two brothers. A third brother claiming Cooper to be entirely sane, has begun legal proceedings to have him released.

At Watsese Bayou, Ark., Sam. M. Adams, in a financial settlement with his son, Newton, disagreed. The young man became enraged and fired three shots at his father, killing him. He then picked up a gun and shot his son dead.

The Commissioner of Patents affirmed the decision of the Board of Examiners in Chief against the re-issuance of the Pfandler patent for brewing aparatus into a patent for a process of brewing commonly known as the Mellor and Hoffman process.

Dr. Seguin, of New York, is completely prostrated by the terrible tragedy of Tuesday afternoon, when Mrs. Seguin, in a fit of insanity, killed their three children and herself. It is even feared that the doctor's mind will become disordered through grief.

C. H. Hellman, alias Richard Keilman, was arrested at New Orleans Monday on a dispatch from Chicago. He was Secretary of the Cigarmakers's Protective Union, and is charged with embezzling the funds of the organization. He will be sent back to Chicago for trial.

The last rail on the extension of the Ohio Central Railroad from Corning to Point Pleasant, on the Ohio River, was laid last Saturday. Trains will be run from Corning to Albony for the present, a distance of 35 miles south of the present terminus at Corning, and at an early date they will be run through to the river.

Most all annual reports of the Treasury Department are ready for the Secretary. Generally speaking the reports this year are comparatively unimportant, owing to the liberal appropriations of Congress for the last fiscal year. The most interesting reports, those of the Comptroller of Currency and Treasurer will not be ready until late.

In the libel suit of H. S. Peoples against the Detroit Post and Tribune, the jury, after half an hour's absence, returned a verdict in favor of the defendant, holding, first, that the article complained of was a privileged one; and second, that the preponderance of testimony submitted by defense sustained the charge that Peoples had a guilty knowledge of the taking off of the unfortunate girl.

From official reports received by the marine hospital service it was learned that there have been 23 cases of yellow fever and no deaths at Brownsville during the week ending Nov. 4th, making a total of 2,000 cases and 114 deaths since its first appearance in that city. The total number of cases of yellow fever at Pensacola during the epidemic to date have been 2,230, while the deaths have been but 180.

The Grand Jury indicted J. Henry Johnston, Mayor of Danville, Va., for the murder of John E. Hatcher, formerly Chief of Police. There had been some disagreement between the parties as to the disposal made of certain funds, and on a casual meeting on the 9th of September words and a slight scuffle took place and Johnston shot Hatcher. Johnston is also indicted for carrying concealed weapons.

Jerome Kidder, of Boston, left the following bequests: Institute of Technology, $55,000; Lying-in-Hospital, $50,000; Massachusetts General Hospital, $25,000; Boston Industrial Temporary Home, $2,000; Home for Aged Men, $10,000; Home for Aged Women, $10,000; Good Samaritan, $10,000; American Unitarian Association, $10,000. Fourteen thousand dollars are distributed among five other institutions.

A special bulletin issued from the census office relating to the statistics of the manufacture of patroleum, shows that on May 31, 1880, 86 firms were engaged in the industry. The amount of capital invested was $27,500,000, and nearly 10,000 persons were employed, to whom nearly $4,500,000 were paid in wages. Nearly 25,000,000 gallons of crude oil were used, total value $20,000,000. The total value of manufactured products approached $44,000,000.

GERMANY

Making Extensive Preparations for War.

BERLIN, Nov. 7.—The German Minister of War has made known his decision to extend German forts and strengthen fortifications on the Baltic coast. New armored forts with heavy batteries will be constructed near Pellan and Mermel, and extensive fortifications of Eastern and Western Prussia and Posen will be pushed forward with as great rapidity as possible in order to meet the extension by Russia of her fortifications on Prussian and Austrian frontiers. Everything indicates the German Government realizes the presence of great and growing danger, and that the suddenness with which it has developed has neither terrified this Government or found it unprepared for the emergency.

Brave Bear to be Hanged.

YANKTON, D. T., Nov. 7.—The officials here have been informed that Pres. Arthur declines to interfere in the case of Brave Bear sentenced to be hanged on the 15th inst., for the murder of Joseph Johnson, a discharged soldier near Fort Sully, in 1877.

Ex-Prisoners of War Reunion at Decatur, Ill., Nov. 2, 1882.

DECATUR, Ills., Nov. 4, 1882.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The Annual Reunion of the Western Division of the National Union, and the business meeting of the Illinois State Association of Ex-Prisoners of War, was held in this City last Wednesday and Thursday and was a grand success in every respect. The reports of officers showed the membership of the State Association to be about 800 *bona fide* members.

The Treasurer's report showed the association free from debt and $29 in the treasury.

The following were elected officers of the association for the ensuing year:

President—W. W. Lowdermilk, of Auburn, Illinois.

Vice-President—James A. Miller, Decatur.

Secretary—E. H. Miner, Bloomington.

Treasurer—C. C. George, Blackburn.

Chaplain—John H. Coates.

It was resolved that the next meeting of the association be held in Decatur, commencing on Wednesday, October 17, 1883, and continue in session for two days.

On motion it was ordered that a committee of five Decatur comrades be appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the next annual reunion and that the officers of the State Association be added to the said committee.

TUESDAY'S ELECTIONS.

Democrats Sweep Everything in Sight, and Even Elect Butler.

The telegraphic reports received Tuesday night may be summarized as follows:

New York—Democratic by at least 30,000.

Pennsylvania—Democratic by 12,000.

Massachusetts—Butler elected; Legislature Republican.

Indiana—Very close; probably Democratic.

Virginia—Claimed by the Readjusters.

New Hampshire—Republican by a small majority.

Maryland—Independent candidates for Judges elected.

Wisconsin—Large Democratic gains.

Minnesota—Entire Republican ticket elected.

Connecticut—Legislature Republican. Three Democrats and one Republican, elected to Congress.

New Jersey—Robeson, Republican for Congress, defeated by 500; Brown, Republican, elected by 700.

Nebraska—Legislature Republican.

Kentucky—Chances for one Republican Congressman.

Mississippi—Chances for three Republican Congressmen.

Louisiana—One District in doubt; balance Democratic.

Tennessee—Bates, Democrat, elected Governor. Legislature Democratic.

North Carolina—State Democratic; eight Democratic and one Republican Congressman.

South Carolina—Four Democrats and one Republican elected to Congress; others in doubt.

Georgia—Clean Democratic sweep.

California—Democratic by a small majority; heavy Prohibition vote.

Michigan—Republican by 12,000, except on Governor; nine Republican and two Democratic Congressmen. It is impossible to state at this writing, how the Congressional delegation will stand, as many Districts are so close that it will require the official returns to decide. The chances are, however, that the Democrats will have a majority in the next House.

ASYLUM ON FIRE.

Four Hundred Inmates Aroused at Midnight—No Water Obtainable.

HALIFAX, Nov. 7.—A fire broke out at midnight in the Eastern and Provincial Poor Asylum, an immense six-story brick structure in the southeastern suburbs of the city, containing about 400 people. At 1:30 A. M. half the building was a mass of flame. The fire originated in a bakery, where 21 cords of wood were stored. The flames catching the spread rapidly, soon enveloping that part of the building used as a hospital.

The inmates rushed about the building in great confusion, seemingly almost out of their senses, and the work of getting them out was very difficult. It is thought that most of those confined in the hospital have been saved, but it is feared that a number of lives are lost. The whole city fire brigade is now at the scene, but can do little, hardly any water being obtainable.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 7.—About 12 o'clock last night, while all hands were sleeping, fire broke out in the bake house in the Immigrant Poor Asylum building. Exactly how it originated is not very clear, but the smoke of smouldering wood spread through the building into the dormitories and caused the utmost terror among nearly 500 inmates of the institution. There was no immediate danger, so the officials of the asylum did not take steps to remove the inmates. An alarm was sounded, and the fire broke bell had scarcely commenced when the reels were run out of the engine house, as one or two men happened to be about. The few people who had not retired and others who lived in the neighborhood, ran to the building. They found smoke issuing from windows all over the building, but no flames to be seen. In the west wing

OLD WOMEN AND CHILDREN

were seen at windows crying to be let out, and as they began breaking glass it was feared they would throw themselves to the ground. A sturdy axeman dashed at the door leading from this wing into the yard, and with a few vigorous blows of his axe knocked it in. The stairways were crowded, and out came the procession of weeping infants, gray-headed grandmas and feeble old men. All were screaming, and as they reached the fresh air without, they ejaculated their thanks and then began calling for this one and that one, until all was a babble of confusion. Then it became known that those in the upper wards of that wing were helpless. Some of the firemen and firewards and aldermen, a clergyman and others who were among the early arrivals hastened up, and willing hands were soon getting the

BLIND, HALT AND LAME

down the long winding stairs. The work was necessarily slow, but finally that wing was emptied.

In the meantime the flames in the basement, which the Superintendent, engineer and officials were trying to keep under, spread to the base of the long air shaft or elevator reaching to the top of the main building. The draft here swept the flames upward with tremendous force, and in a second the heaviest point of the conflagration was the top of the main building. The story just under the eaves in this building was used as a hospital, and in it were about 70 patients, many of them imperfectly helpless. The fire was now fiercely burning right in the hospital, and above it.

THE HEAT WAS SO INTENSE

that lead poured down from the roof in streams of brilliant fire and slates flew everywhere in deadly showers, rendering any near approach to the building almost certain death. Notwithstanding this there were hundreds standing outside who would willingly have entered the building if they could have found their way through the place. Indeed several did go in, but without guidance could do nothing in the immense building, and had to return to the yard. An attempt was made to raise ladders to the windows, but the ladders were too short, and after a fireman was knocked down by the falling brick and it was seen the ladders even would be swept away in a few minutes the attempt ceased.

Fire burst through the roof, and the scene was one never to be forgotten. Far above the roar of flames and crack of bursting slates, were heard the cries of the wretched patients in the hospital who

WERE ROASTING TO DEATH.

Most of them, as before stated, were helpless, and could not leave their beds, and were perhaps stifled by the smoke ere the cruel flames reached them; but others were seen to dash themselves against the windows and cling to the sashes till their strength was exhausted or their hands burned off, and they fell back into the seething cauldron of flames.

A woman was seen to drag herself to a corner window, and, forcing her body half out, till she could breathe the cool air, remained in that position

TILL HER HEAD BURNED OFF.

It is known there were abought 70 patients in the hospital, and as far as could be ascertained only half a dozen were carried out before the flames cut off all further approach to the place.

A medical man, who is in position to know, estimated the loss of life at not less than 50, and these all patients in the hospital.

The poor old people and little children rescued from other parts of the building were huddled together in a barn some little distance away, and were there packed around with straw and blankets to keep them comfortable till morning.

The building is still burning fiercely, and no doubt will be totally destroyed. It is insured.

Accumulation of Corn at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 6.—One account of the present scarcity of corn in Eastern markets is that the large crop of Kansas is being rapidly forwarded from here. The elevators here are running night and day and are still unable to keep pace with the receipts and there is almost a blockade in consequence. Four hundred cars of the cereal accumulated here on Saturday and Sunday.

Advance in Highwines.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 6.—The large increase of orders for highwines to-day caused a rise of one cent in prices. It is said, however, that continuous distillers are not agreed as to their basis. Distillers here desire a meeting of the Export Association, and it is probable that a meeting will be held Friday.

A DIRE ALTERNATIVE.

SINGER TO GENTLEMAN WITH A SENSITIVE EAR: "If you don't give me 10 cents I will sing it all over again."

(Gentleman with sensitive ear finds 10 cents immediately.)

MUTUAL UNION.

Enormous Construction Company Fraud Unearthed—$14,000,000 Received for $3,000,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—Suit was brought to-day in the Supreme Court by William Hendrey Cameron as a shareholder in the Mutual Union Telegraph Company against John G. Moore, Thomas C. Purdy, George F. Baker, George W. Ballou, Charles F. Peck, Harris C. Fahnestock and Carrie B. Evans, administratrix for John O. Evans and others, and the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, plaintiffs.

The complainant recites that the abovementioned are Directors of the company; that the company originally contracted with the firm of John G. Moore & Co., which now consists avowedly of John G. Moore and Thomas G. Purdy, and of which the other persons mentioned above were secret partners, for the construction and equipment of the lines of the company; that the compensation of the firm for the performance of the contract was to be $14,000,000, payable in the securities of the company, including $4,000,000 in bonds and $9,000,000 in capital shares; that the firm agreed to accept those bonds and shares for cash, at their nominal or par value; to pay interest on the bonds, and to place the securities upon the market at the earliest opportunity; that nearly all the securities have been issued to the firm or to the trustees for the firm, and the proceeds of all that have been sold received by the firm; that the defendants, constituting a controlling majority of the Directors of the Telegraph Company, and also composing the firm of J. G. Moore & Co., in said double capacity, and fraud of the rights of the company, and in disregard of the interests of the plaintiff and other individual stockholders, fraudulently agreed among themselves to modify the aforementioned contract for construction, etc., so as to relieve themselves from the payment of interest on the bonds, working expenses of the company, and other obligations for construction, etc.; that the defendants claim the subsequent agreement is the act of the company, while plaintiff maintains it is *ultra vires*, and null and void; that the shares of the capital stock were sold at the firm as fully paid up, and par of their nominal value, and that holders were not liable to assessment thereon; that the compensation of the firm was grossly in excess of the values received by the Company, which did not exceed $3,000,000; that the capital shares and some of the bonds were issued and delivered by the Directors to said firm fraudulently; that the bonds so issued and sold realized for the defendants $3,000,000, and that the entire issue of $9,000,000 in capital shares was without consideration or value to the Company; and finally, that the plaintiff and other shareholders are unable to obtain any remedy, owing to a majority of the Directors being members of the firm.

Wherefore, plaintiffs demand that the agreement modifying the original contract be declared fraudulent, null and void; that defendants account to the company for the actual expenses and real profits under their contract, and that the profits be paid to the company; that the firm be required to perform their original contract, and also to account to the company for the issues and proceeds of the capital shares, and pay the difference between the actual value received for such shares and the normal value thereof.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

HOW ARABI IS BEING TRIED.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Gladstone, answering questions by Bourke, informed the House that Arabi Pasha acquired the status of a prisoner who had surrendered unconditionally; that when the war ceased municipal law came into operation, taking the place of martial laws; Arabi was, therefore being tried, very properly, by the municipal law.

DEBATE ON THE CLOTURE QUESTION

was resumed. The amendment offered by Lord John Manners, Conservative, that any division upon the cloture shall be taken by secret ballot was rejected, 139 to 55.

EGYPT.

CAIRO, Nov. 4.—Bredif, French Controller, sent a letter to Cherif Pasha, President of the Egyptian counsel, asking to be informed why, as the European control has not been abolished by decree of the Khedive, he has not been invited to attend the meetings of the council of Ministers. The letter of Bredif is regarded in diplomatic circles as a manifestation of the intention of France to bring the question of European control to an immediate issue without awaiting a settlement of Egyptian affairs, as proposed by England.

EGYPTIAN CONTROL.

PARIS, Nov. 6.—All European powers, with the exception of France, accept the proposition of British control in Egypt under European surveillance. The Paris papers are much irritated at this state of affairs, and earnestly urge the Government to carefully guard the interests of France against the rapacity of the British.

TRIAL OF REBELS.

CAIRO, Nov. 6.—The committee for the prosecution of rebels, which has been holding daily sessions here, has tried 880 prisoners, of whom 50 were found guilty. These will have trial by court martial as soon as it can be convened.

BOERS SLAUGHTERED.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—A dispatch from Durban says two batteries of Transvaal Boers had an engagement with Mapoch, the Kaffir Chief, who defeated the Boers. Mapoch feigned retreat and drew the Boers into ambush, killing 300.

SEYMOUR'S REWARD.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—Admiral Seymour has been made a peer, with the title of Baron Alcester.

A Telephone Syndicate.

BOSTON, Nov. 7.—The Lowell, Mass., telephone syndicate, which controls 17,000 telephones in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts (except the city of Boston and Southern Massachusetts and three Counties in New York State, including Saratoga, has purchased the Long Island Telephone Company, capital $1,000,000, and including the Brooklyn and New Jersey Telephone Company, capital $1,200,000. The latter includes virtually the entire State, except New York and Camden. The right is given to purchase Newark Jan. 1st, 1884, at actual cost of the plant of that date. It is proposed to take possession at once and organize the two companies as ons under a joint capital of $2,400,000.

Oil Excitement at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 6.—If it were possible for the excitement at the Oil Exchange to be greater than it was on Saturday then to-day must have reached the pinnacle of frenzy. The lobby was packed all day with eager curiosity mongers and pickers and it became necessary to call in the service of the police to keep the passage way clear. The market opened strong, with sales at 81.28, but quickly declined to $1.25, and then advanced to $1.35, the highest point of the day. The market then dropped steadily till the close, when $1.24 was bid. The transactions were the largest ever known here, and aggregated 11,315,000 barrels. Among the spectators at the Exchange were a number of ladies.

A Woman Found Guilty of Murder.

EMPORIA, Ks., Nov. 6.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Isabelle Martin, who has been on trial here for several days past, charged with poisoning Mrs. Kreiger in May last, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. The history of the case briefly stated is that in May last, Mrs. Martin and her son Mosely procured an insurance policy for $5,000 on the life of Mr. Kreiger in favor of Mosely. Shortly afterward Mrs. Kreiger died suddenly at the residence of Mrs. Martin, and the symptoms in the case indicated poison. An analysis of Mrs. Kreiger's stomach was made and sufficient strychnine found to produce death. Mrs. Martin was arrested for administering the poison and was tried with the above results.

THE NICKEL PLATE.

Messrs. Burke and Devereaux Return to Cleveland—While Declining to Answer Leading Questions, they Nevertheless Impart Some Information.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 6.—Judge Stevenson Burke and Gen. J. H. Devereaux have returned from New York, where they made the second payment on the Nickel Plate stock and purchased 15,000 shares in addition to the large block. Judge Burke said to a Western Associated Press reporter that temporary arrangements for terminal facilities at Chicago and Buffalo will be made to-day, and that he and Gen. Devereaux will go into the Board of Directors within a few days, vacancies to be made for them. He said that last week the general officers of the road tendered their resignations, but were requested to remain for the present. He thinks few if any changes will be made in officers and employees.

Being asked if Vanderbilt is behind or interested in the purchasing syndicate, he replied he dislikes to appear mysterious about it, but business reasons make it necessary not to answer that question now, as other important changes are about to be made. "You may say," he remarked, "that the Nickel Plate will be operated in close harmony with the three C's and I, and the Hocking Valley."

"Is the syndicate the same as the Hocking Valley?" asked the reporter.

Judge Burke replied that the list is not fully made up yet, but the inference may be drawn that some of the same parties are in both, as he took 35 per cent. of the Hocking Valley interest himself. He expects the Nickel Plate to be in the pool and get its share of business, the policy being to maintain not cut, the rates. Its Eastern relations will be close with the Lehigh Valley and Delaware, Lackawana & Western, but Judge Burke expects also to co-operate with the New York Central and West Shore & Buffalo. He illustrated the attitude of the Nickel Plate toward the Lake Shore by saying it would would be like two men going into any business side by side, each seeking to make what he can in a businesslike way. The whole tenor of his conversation implied that the Nickel will be operated independently of Lake Shore interests.

Being inquired of as to the future payment of stock purchased, he answered that $1,000,000 will be paid the first of every month hereafter until all is paid for.

As the last payment will not be made prior to the annual meeting of the Board, January 17, he was asked if a syndicate will be allowed to vote the stock. He stated it is a part of the contract of the purchase that the syndicate shall vote the stock at the next meeting and assume control.

Judge Burke incidentally says he has private information he believes to be correct that the Grand Trunk will buy the West Shore & Buffalo, negotiations for the purchase being now in progress.

COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

Thirty Persons Thought to be Killed —Buildings Shattered Five Miles Distant—Break in a Canal—The Country Flooded.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—A colliery explosion occurred at Clay Cress mines, in Derbyshire, of which only meager reports are received. It is known, however, that 30 persons, mostly miners, were killed. Four of the managers of the mines were blown to atoms.

Frightful scenes are being enacted about the mounth of the shaft. Many large families are left without means of support.

The explosion, which was terrific in its force and deadly in its effects, shattered buildings in localities five miles distant from the mines. A chair at the bottom of the shaft was blown up through the mouth of the colliery into the head gear. The greatest consternation prevails in the neighborhood.

Exeter Canal has broken its banks, and the whole country bordering it in Cheshire, Warwickshire and Somerset is flooded.

Sonora's Deposed Governor.

DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 6.—Carlo R. Ortiz, the recently deposed Governor of Sonora, accompanied by three of his staff, passed through here to-day, en route to Mexico via New Orleans. He says the opposition to him originated in his favoring the introduction of an American railway and capital to Sonora and his ambition to make it an enterprising and prosperous State. He was elected Governor a year ago. He had to work steadily for building the railroads with American capital. He was drawn from the Governor's mansion at Hermosillo by a lawless mob, who would have taken his life had he not taken refuge in an American railroad camp. He confidently expects Pres. Gonzales to reinstate him and furnish sufficient troops to maintain the dignity of his office.

M. E. Church Missionary Appropriations.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee of the M. E. Church begun this afternoon. The Treasurer's report showed that during the year the decrease of liabilities amounted to $28,648. The receipts for the year ended October 31, 1882, showed an increase of $66,002 over those of 1881, when the receipts amounted to $625,653. The appropriations made this year will amount to $715,000, as compared with $690,000 last year. This sum is to cover the whole missionary work. The following appropriations were agreed upon: For Africa, including Liberia, $4,000; for South America, $79,775; and for the four missions in China, $77,855.

Rumored Failure for $700,000.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7.—It is rumored that Wm. A. Leavitt, proprietor of the glass works in this city, has failed for $700,000. All that is really known about the matter is that Leavitt made an assignment to Nelson F. Evans for the benefit of creditors. Leavitt and Evans say the liabilities are nothing like $700,000, and the assets will entirely cover them.

Simon B. Rowley, original owner of the Herd Patent and Glass Works, and who failed in 1872 for $400,000, has filed a bill in equity alleging that a contract with Leavitt by which he was to take one-half of the work has not been executed, and asking for an injunction to restrain Leavitt from acting under the assignment, and asking for the appointment of a receiver for the works as well as compelling Leavitt to execute his contract with him.

A Singular Affair.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 6.—Katie Geyste, a young German girl, disappeared from the city last Monday, leaving a note of farewell addressed to her sister, indicating an intention to commit suicide. The canal was dragged in search of the body, but without result. It was ascertained to-day that she took a train on the Jefferson, Madison & Indianapolis Railroad and was seen to leave the same at Indianapolis, where she is now supposed to be. Considerable excitement existed at the time of her disappearance, owing to certain stories involving a man in this city, but the same subsided on denial by him and his claim that he was being blackmailed.

Dangerous to Wear a New Suit of Clothes.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 5.—To-night about 8 o'clock Henry Deters met Frank M. Dale in a new suit of clothes. They had been intimate companions. Deters remarked: "Frank, you have a new suit from to toe," and at the same time brought his hand down on Dale's head, crushing his hat. Dale then knocked Deters down, whereupon the latter drew a pistol and fired three shots, two of which took effect, one inflicting a mortal wound, penetrating the bowels and bladder. Dale was taken to the hospital and Deters was arrested.

Geography and Cupidity.

London Saturday Review.

Our Free Trade is a blessing we owe to geography as much as we do the power to dispense with a conscription.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8, 1882.

TRADE.

The continued pleasant weather of the past week militated against the movement of goods for cold weather wear. However, while trade was quiet, it was not positively dull, and there has not been any evidence of stagnation in the near future. Provisions have declined to a certain extent, as is usually the case at this season, when large receipts of hogs are near at hand. Bradstreet gives the number of failures during the week as 153, which is 17 more than during the preceding week.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ended Saturday:

Loans, increase	$ 5,732,800
Specie, decrease	58,900
Legal tenders, decrease	963,900
Deposits, increase	4,757,100
Circulation, decrease	147,900
Reserve, decrease	1,612,225

The banks now hold $14,325 less than legal requirements.

The United States Treasury now holds United States bonds to secure National bank circulation, $333,425,150; bonds deposited during the week, $8,005,000; bonds withdrawn during the week, $5,170,000; National bank currency outstanding: Currency notes, $361,925,942; gold notes, $775,789. The customs receipts at Washington Monday amounted to $764,857, and the internal revenue receipts to $497,545. The Treasury received $326,000 in National bank notes for redemption, the total of such receipts for the week, compared with the same week of 1881, being as follows:

	1881.	1882
New York	$ 370,000	$ 550,000
Boston	235,000	300,000
Philadelphia	94,000	188,000
Miscellaneous	579,000	774,000
Total	$1,278,000	$1,812,000

The exports of specie for the week ending November 4, and since the beginning of the year, as compared with the corresponding period of previous year:

	1881.	1882
For the week	$ 807,500	$ 117,885
Previously reported	9,292,779	43,767,194
Total since Jan 1	$ 10,800,279	$ 43,885,079

The imports of specie for the week ending November 4, and since the beginning of the year, as compared with the corresponding period of previous year:

	1881.	1882
For the week	$ 559,801	$ 447,712
Previously reported	52,482,579	4,041,637
Total since Jan. 1	$ 53,042,380	$ 4,489,349

The following shows the exports (exclusive of specie) from the port of New York to foreign ports for the week ending October 31, and since the beginning of the year, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year:

	1881.	1882
For the week	$ 5,910,616	$ 5,855,520
Previously reported	816,041,685	278,047,770
Total since Jan. 1	$321,952,300	$284,903,290

The following shows the imports of general merchandise and dry goods at the port of New York for the week ending November 4, and since the beginning of the year, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year:

For the week:	1881.	1882.
Dry goods	$ 1,882,726	$ 2,020,433
General merchandise	5,934,998	6,855,525
Total for the week	$ 7,817,024	$ 8,873,958
Previously reported	365,460,573	417,365,266
Total since Jan. 1	$373,277,597	$426,439,064

THE MARKETS.

The Toledo Produce Exchange having had no session to-day no quotations can be given of the price of grain. The market would undoubtedly have undergone but little change had a session been held, as there is no disposition manifested to rush the market at present. After the elections are over grain men will again settle down to business in earnest, when a more marked disposition to collect facts for a basis for future operations will manifest itself.

The price of wheat for cash in this market for the week ended Monday, Nov. 6, 1882, was:

	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Frid.	Sat.	Mod.
No. 2 Red	97⅞	97¾	98¼	98¼	97¾	97⅛
No. 3 Red	94½	94	..	96	94	93⅝

The price of No. 2 Red wheat for for future delivery, week ended Monday, Nov. 6, was:

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.
Tuesday	97⅞	98¾	100¼	....	....